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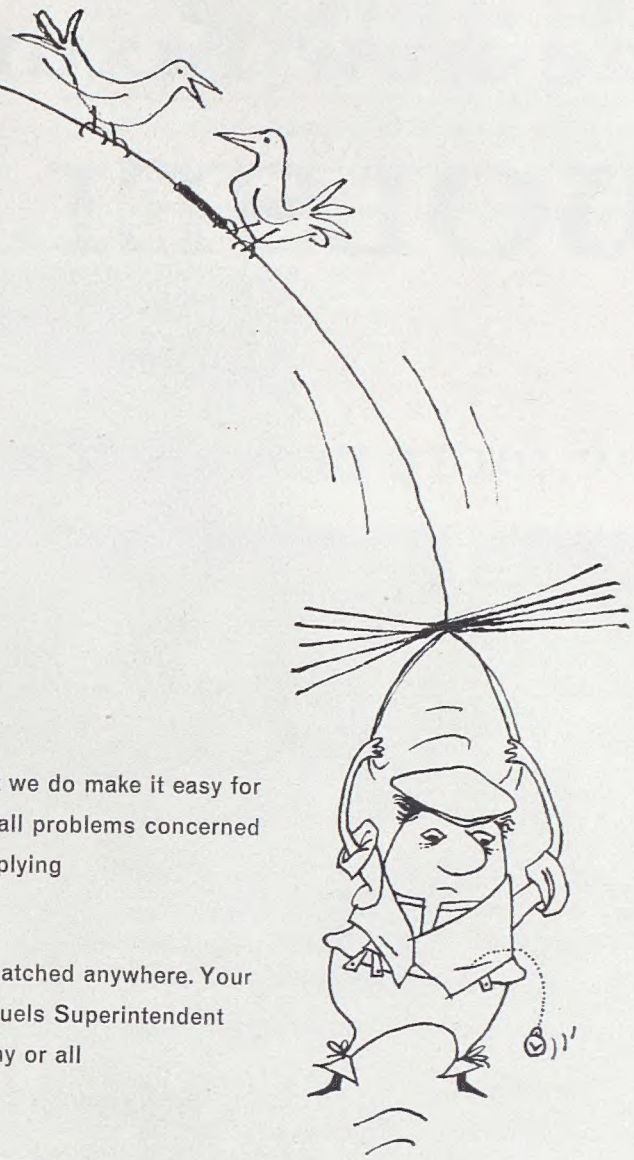

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THE SPHERE

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BACK FROM SPACE

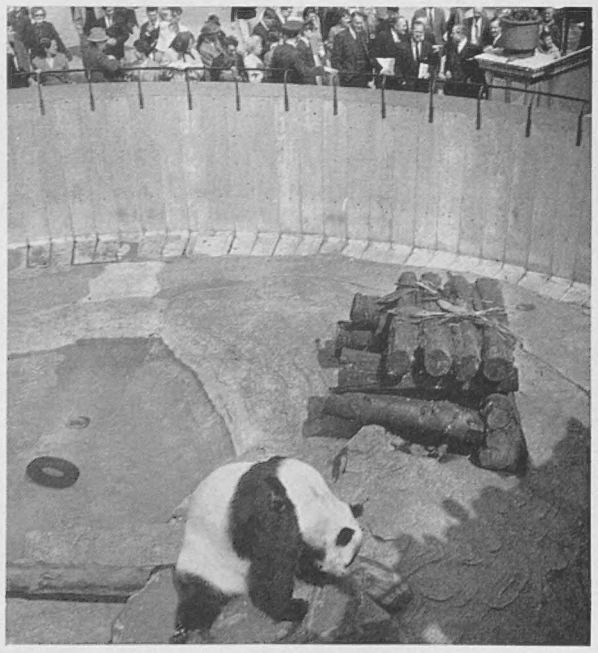
The latest American astronaut, Major Gordon Cooper, smiles broadly as the hatch on his space capsule Faith 7 is opened on board the U.S. aircraft carrier *Kearsarge* in the Pacific off Hawaii. He had spent 34 hours in space in the middle of last week, travelling in that time almost 600,000 miles, at an altitude of between 100 and 166 miles. It was the longest any American had spent in orbit round the earth. Last October Commander Walter Schirra made six orbits: two Russians have spent longer in space—Popovich 48 orbits and Nikolayev 64 orbits. Major Cooper returned to earth to receive a tumultuous American welcome. His flight was almost entirely successful and went the full scheduled distance. The one harrowing period came near the end of the flight, when electrical supplies failed in the capsule and Major Cooper had to undertake the tricky task of repositioning the spacecraft correctly for the re-entry into the earth's atmosphere. He succeeded brilliantly in " flying by wire " and came down only 7,000 yards from the main recovery vessel. Lessons learnt from his flight included: (1) a man is a perfectly good emergency pilot in space, (2) flights using the Mercury system can be extended to match the Russians at least, (3) sleep is possible—Cooper had between 5 and 6½ hours, and (4) that Cooper used far less than the estimated amount of his consumable materials, including oxygen, partly because he appeared to be extremely laconic in his speech

(Further pictures are on page 291)

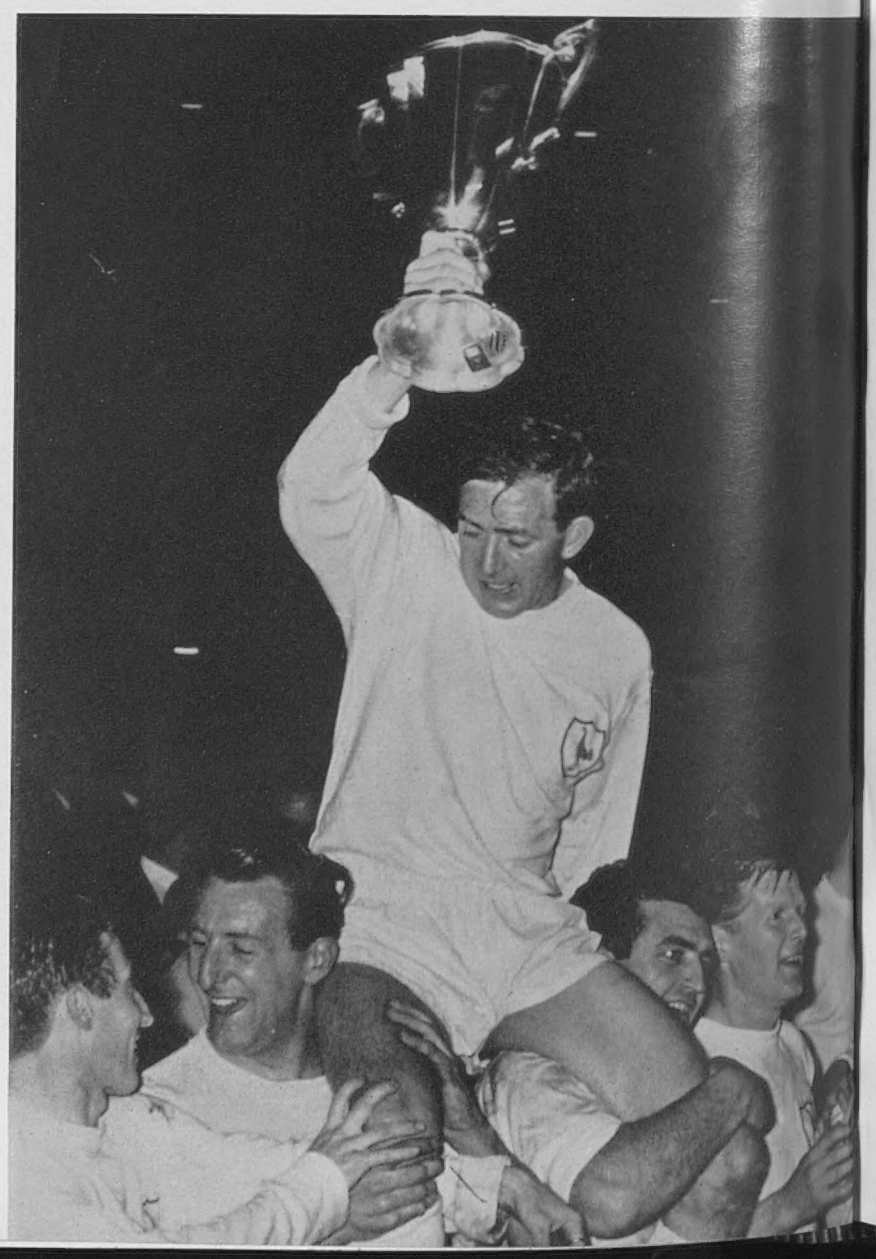
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

288 **In trouble in Haiti:** In Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital, President Duvalier and his wife listen to the National Anthem during dedication ceremonies of a new tax department building. The President's appearance at the ceremonies last week was his first in public for a number of days. At the time there were strong rumours that he planned to fly out of the country with his family, as his term of constitutional office expired. But at the end of last week President Duvalier denied the rumours and stated that he was remaining in office for a second term. In Washington it was believed that his action was of doubtful legality. Meanwhile, President Duvalier was facing threats of guerilla raids across the border on San Domingo between Haiti and the Dominican Republic from various opposition groups. Many exiles from his regime have taken refuge in the Dominican Republic, whose President, Senor Bosch, has been proclaiming his bitter opposition to Dr. Duvalier's regime

The Duke at the zoo: A panda plays in its pit watched by the Duke of Edinburgh (second from right in the background). As President of the Zoological Society of London, Prince Philip toured the zoo last week. He was welcomed by Sir Solly Zuckerman, Secretary of the Society, and attended the Annual General Meeting. On his visit he opened new animal houses



The Spurs go marching on: Holding high in triumph the European Cup Winners' Cup, Danny Blanchflower, the captain of Tottenham Hotspur, is chaired off the field by members of his victorious team. In the Feyenoord Stadium in Rotterdam last week, they beat Atletico Madrid 5-1 to become the first British team ever to win a major Continental competition. Thus in three years, Spurs have done the Cup and League double, won the F.A. Cup a second time, and given the Football Association a fine triumph in its centenary year. Atletico found little answer to Spurs' attacking play and, except for the start of the second half, when the Spaniards scored from a penalty, Spurs were on top



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Two of the non-aligned leaders meet: President Nasser of the U.A.R. is greeted by President Tito at the latter's island home on Brioni in the Adriatic. They planned to have four days of talks in which they were joined by three Yugoslav Vice-Presidents, Mr. Kardelj, Mr. Rankovic, and Mr. Todorovic. Each of them is concerned in foreign policy, and this was expected to be the main subject of discussion. In recent years the two Presidents have regularly exchanged visits and in 1961 they were responsible for the summoning of the " Non-aligned conference " held in Belgrade

Pulp in New Zealand: Mr. Keith Holyoake, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, speaks at the official opening of a second newsprint machine in a pulp mill in Kaweru. Sitting immediately behind him is the Governor-General of New Zealand, Sir Bernard Fergusson. With two newsprint machines running at full capacity, the mill has a total daily newsprint production of 750 tons

Rough electioneering in Africa: In Kangunda, Kenya, police surround a lorry bringing supporters of Mr. Kenyatta's Kanu party for an election meeting. Kangunda is the home of Mr. Paul Ngei, the leader of the African People's Party and a leading opponent of Mr. Kenyatta in the elections in Kenya. The people of Kangunda resented the holding of the meeting by Kanu and the bringing-in from outside of Kanu supporters. This led to violent incidents. Voting began in the Kenyan general election—the first under the new Constitution—on May 18 and finished on May 26. Besides Kanu and the APP the other main contestant party is the Kenya African Democratic Union (Kadu)

NEWS SUMMARY

A Nato nuclear force and hopes for a nuclear test ban; African Summit; Tito accuses Mao

290 **INTERNATIONAL**

Before the Nato ministerial conference opened in Ottawa this week there were reports that behind-the-scenes moves had led to acceptance of a plan for the creation of an inter-Allied Nuclear Force. It would consist of three American Polaris submarines based on the Mediterranean, British V-bombers, and fighters provided by six other nations including France. Delicate points still to be negotiated included retention of national identities within the force and details of its chain of command. France, it was anticipated, would continue its objections to the more ambitious plan for a Nato multilateral force of Polaris-carrying ships with mixed crews. Russian allegations that a Nato nuclear force would infringe international law were firmly rebutted from the West during the weekend.

Britain's attitude at the Ottawa meeting was decided at Chequers last Sunday in talks between Mr. Macmillan and Britain's chief delegates, Lord Home and Mr. Thorneycroft, and other senior ministers. Besides considering Nato nuclear co-ordination, the Prime Minister was believed to be working on possible means of negotiating a nuclear test ban agreement which would break the deadlock in the Britain-America-Russia Geneva conference.

Another conference at Geneva—that of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade)—was expected to have some critical days early this week. Differences between America and the EEC countries regarding the American proposals for world-wide tariff cuts had to be reconciled before there could be any hope of real progress.

Addis Ababa is the venue this week for the African Summit meeting of heads of African states. More than 30 countries—many of them recently emerged to sovereignty—were listed to attend in the capital of Ethiopia.

GREAT BRITAIN

On Monday the Labour Party began its first advertising campaign in the national newspapers at the start of preliminary electioneering for the General Election. (Opinion appears at the moment to be hardening in favour of an autumn date for this.) The Labour advertisements feature Mr. Wilson, the slogan "Let's GO with Labour" and a thumbs-up symbol. The day before the Conservatives launched their new advertising campaign, following the same lines as their previous election campaigns: their slogan is "Getting Britain ahead in a changing world."

Also last weekend it was revealed that Mr. Macleod and Lord Poole, joint chairmen of the Conservative Party organisation, had sent to all party officials and M.P.s a letter of confidential advice on how to go about the preliminary campaigning.

Another development on the political scene is the report that the Trades Union Congress is no longer to be asked to approve policy documents issued by the Labour Party. Mr. George Woodcock, the General Secretary of the TUC, has often indicated his belief that the TUC should be removed out of the dust and turmoil of party politics.

UNITED STATES

Last weekend, President Kennedy made a quick trip into the South. He started at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, where there have been two weeks of racial troubles, and then travelled by helicopter to the thirtieth anniversary celebrations of the Tennessee Valley Authority at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Throughout his speeches the President made pointed references that all citizens should observe the law. At the ceremony at Muscle Shoals he met Governor Wallace of Alabama. It was reported they confined their conversation to the weather. Governor Wallace, known as the "fighting little judge," is a bitter opponent of desegregation. He sought an injunction from the U.S. Supreme Court to stop President Kennedy from using the Federal troops dispatched to Alabama last week. Mr. Kennedy had intervened after fierce race riots broke out again in Montgomery in the State. Governor Wallace also asked the Supreme Court to overrule the Fourteenth Amendment (which forbids States to abridge the privileges of U.S. citizens and which has been the basis of court decisions against segregation). Meanwhile, although Montgomery was quiet last weekend, about 400 negro students were arrested in Greensboro, North Carolina, after anti-segregation demonstrations.

HAITI

President Duvalier's decision to stay on for a further term has met with strong disapproval from Washington. The U.S. last weekend instructed its representatives in Haiti to avoid all contact with President Duvalier's regime. This meant that diplomatic relations were suspended, not broken off. (See also p. 288.)

YUGOSLAVIA

An attack on Chinese Communism and support for the "Khrushchev line" was the main theme of an important speech by President Tito of Yugoslavia in Belgrade last Saturday. Charges of being a "Trotskyist" were hurled at Mao Tse-tung, and the Chinese Communist Party, said the President, had committed "errors of Himalayan proportions in their internal development." By contrast, Mr. Khrushchev's Communism was described as among the "progressive forces" aiming at ridding the Communist movement of dogmatism and at settling world problems by peaceful means. President Tito described the Russian-Yugoslav ideological dispute as a thing of the past.

For a long time Yugoslav Communism has been the main target for attacks from the Chinese. In his speech President Tito showed he wanted to let world Communist opinion know where he stands before the Sino-Russian ideological discussions in Moscow in July. Mr. Khrushchev is scheduled to visit Belgrade next month.

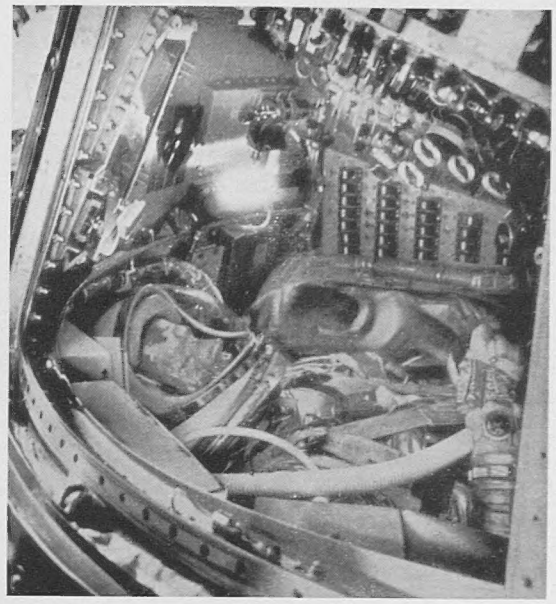
UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

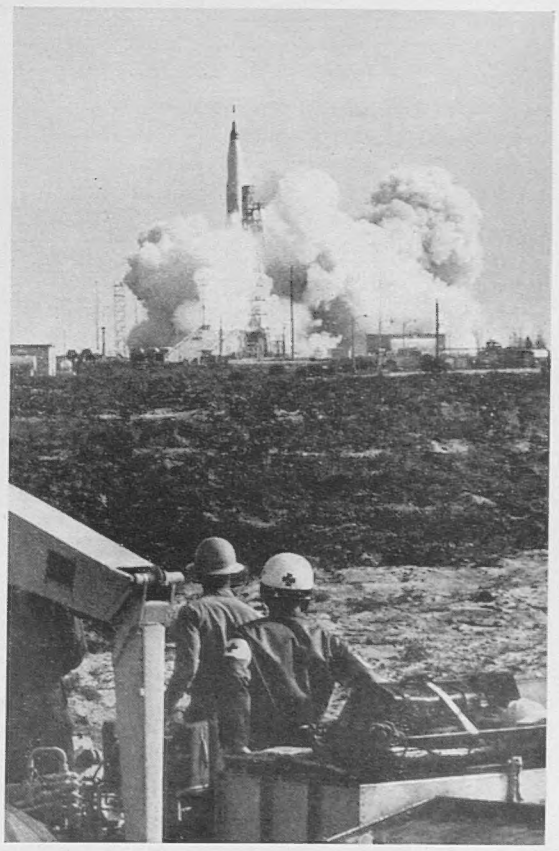
An attack on the Baathist government leaders in Syria was expected from President Nasser in a speech at the start of this week. The differences in Syria between Baathists and Nasserites seemed likely to increase the instability of the new UAR of Egypt, Syria and Iraq. The Syrian Baathists seemed to have scored a point by the retention of their leader Salah al-Din Bitar as Prime Minister after he had presented his resignation to the army-controlled Revolutionary Council. There were also Baathist-Nasserite divisions in Iraq.

Racial demonstrations in Nashville, Tennessee—a white youth (right) hurls a length of wood across the street at the head of a negro protest march against segregation

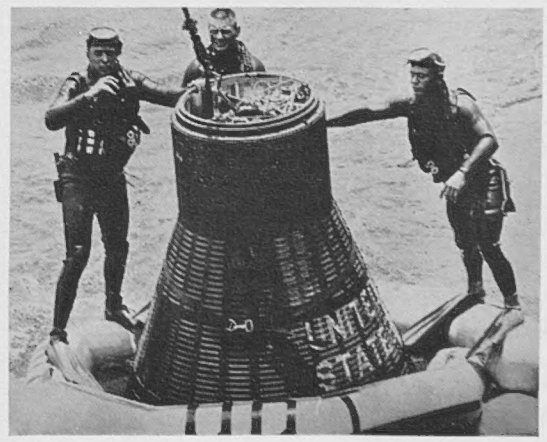
President de Gaulle during his recent State visit to Athens on his way to lay a wreath on the Greek Unknown Soldier's Memorial

BACK FROM SPACE





Left: Still in his space suit, Major Cooper, after his 22 orbits, walks on board the recovery vessel *Kearsarge*. **Above top:** He lies on his back in the capsule on the top of the Atlas launching vehicle waiting for take-off. **Above:** Emergency personnel at Cape Canaveral watch the Atlas leave Pad 14. **Below left:** A whaleboat from *Kearsarge* moves alongside the capsule bobbing in the Pacific. **Below:** Frogmen stand by the capsule as it is about to be hoisted on board



JOHN CONNELL

CHINESE EXCURSION

292 Twenty years ago this summer, on the first leave of more than five days that I had had since the outbreak of war, I went for a long walk. With two ghillies and an impressive train of mountain porters—the contractual arrangements for the expedition were made in the back room of a Chinese cobbler's shop on the Bund in Srinagar—I trudged up, out of the Vale of Kashmir, a considerable part of the way along the track that led into Gilgit.

I got within a mile or so of the Astor Glacier before I turned back, and I saw Nanga Parbat in the dawn. The details of that whole experience have remained in my memory with peculiar luminosity. Metropolitan and desk-bound as much of my life has inevitably become, I can never now be unaware of the majesty and the mystery of Central Asia.

One by-product has been a tenacious interest in the pattern of developing political relationships in this part of Asia, ironically enough, since no enterprise was ever less political than my walk. But I have—principally from the Indian point of view—made a fairly close study of the Sino-Indian conflict in Ladakh and along the North Eastern Frontier. It was with a real degree of eagerness, therefore, that I began to read Edgar Snow's massive new study of the Chinese People's Republic as it is at the beginning of the 1960s.* It is a Rand-like " reef " of information about China, as detailed as Mr. John Gunther's recent account of the Soviet Union, but frankly a great deal more biased.

Mr. Snow does not shut his eyes completely to all that is evil, cruel or unjust in Communist China; but he does lay repeated emphasis on the constructive aspects and achievements of the regime. He is not a Communist—in the Soviet Union he has been denounced as an agent of American imperialism—but he does look favourably on Communism, as it is working out in China, and he genuinely and unaffectedly likes Mao Tse-tung.

" A Century Ago "

His knowledge of and his love for China go back a long way. In 1936—he himself calls it " a century ago "—he was the first journalist to cross the lines in China's civil war and interview and photograph Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and others among the leaders of the Chinese Red Army. He was then working for the *Daily Herald* here in London and the *New York Sun*. He expanded his despatches into a book, *Red Star Over China*, which was published in 1937, and caused, as I recall, a most agreeable stir.

Mr. Snow was and is an archetype of the peripatetic political writer of the 1930s—a tough, well-trained, courageous newspaperman in the old tradition, with a first-class nose for news. He writes well, with an attractive mixture of passion and apparent commonsense. These were virtues in the 1930s, and they still have not lost their lustre about a quarter of a century later.

His latest book, however violently one may disagree with his fundamental thesis or seek to query some of his more tendentious observations, is eminently readable, though its length is a little daunting, and some of its humour ham-handed. These faults apart, it is a considerable achievement. Into 810 pages (including appendices, notes and a somewhat taciturn index) he packs a vast amount of information. He ranges widely through history, economics, Marxist political doctrine, great welters of statistics, and any number of biographical sketches. As a reviewer of the book in the *New York Herald Tribune* observed: " Understanding begins with communication: Snow communicates."

Undimmed Affection for China

Yes, he communicates his zest, his hopefulness and his undimmed affection for the land and the people of China. He has the undoubted advantage of firm and valid standards of comparison. He knows only too well what China was like in the 1930s, and what kind of promise—or lack of it—life held for the average peasant in the field or operative in a Shanghai factory. He leaves his readers in no doubt at all as to his own conviction that the differences now are vast, and that they are all—or almost all—to the credit of the Communist regime.

The core of the book's message, it seems to me, is in the 22nd of the 86 chapters of which it is composed. Mr. Snow argues that though the country's basic civilisation is still Chinese, nothing of the old has been left untouched and nothing of the new is complete. He is aware of an overriding, all-enveloping sense of transition. The 1950s, he believes, saw changes " more profound than in any epoch of Chinese history since Ch'in Shih Huang Ti completed the Great Wall two centuries before Christ."

The Great Wall was a symbol of exclusion, and of withdrawal from the rest of the world. For centuries China pursued her own, almost immutable, path; suddenly in the nineteenth century the rest of the world insisted on breaking in. A complex, decadent yet still self-confident civilisation was confronted by the brash, cocksure and missionising West in the heyday of the Industrial Revolution. Arrogance clashed with arrogance. China's old regime collapsed in more than a generation of political and military chaos.

At the end of the years of internecine conflict the Communists in 1949 emerged as the victors. They had to deal with a ravaged and ruined land, and a confused and broken society, which (says Mr. Snow) " has been picked up bodily, turned forward and started upon a double-quick march to commit one man in every four humans alive to a socialist world. It causes an enormous amount of stress and tension, accompanied by massive successes and massive failures."

Mr. Snow's justification of what he himself describes as the Chinese Communists' " obsessive haste to catch up with history " deserves to be pondered with respect, because it is rooted in that affection for Mao Tse-tung and his immediate colleagues, and that understanding of the harsh processes by which they were moulded, to which I referred earlier.

To know all is to forgive all; and Mr. Snow knows a very great deal. He says: " The Communists changed China's *ming* or fate when they fought ceaselessly during 20 years of hardship before winning power. For them the condition of combat became the normal way of life. Because they achieved everything against great odds, it has seemed natural to the Communist veterans that a whole nation should follow in the same paths with discipline and faith matched by high fortitude, and distant glory as the ultimate reward. It has not always seemed so ' natural ' to the populace. But these are steel decades led by steel men, an era of ' continuation of war by other means ' against every obstacle standing in the way of building a modern, mighty, socialist state."

Of Mr. Snow's sincerity, as of his skill in advocacy, I have no doubt; this is a comprehensible exposition of the outlook of the present *junta* in Pekin. But is that outlook either statesmanlike or admirable?

Convinced of the benevolence of Mao Tse-tung's aspirations, Mr. Snow is always ready to give him and his colleagues the benefit of any fleeting doubts about the means they use to fulfil them. It is not mere captiousness, but a stubborn unease in my own mind about personal and emotional surrenders of this order, that makes me remember those equally skilled and committed writers and speakers, who hurried back to London in the 1930s from Rome or the " Eagle's Lair " in the Bavarian mountains, to try to smooth out the " misunderstandings " that had so regrettably arisen between ourselves and the Italians and the Germans.

Pitifully Hoodwinked

I remember Geoffrey Dawson and Robin Barrington-Ward of *The Times*, busily toning down news and comment on behalf of Hitler and Mussolini; and G. Ward Price, a senior colleague of mine on the group of newspapers for which I worked, turning up near Hitler's side at every major invasion, before the outbreak of war, and eloquently explaining to his readers the historical rectitude and the obvious popularity of the re-occupation of the Rhineland, the *Anschluss* and the incorporation of the rump state of Czechoslovakia in the Reich. Good men all, but woefully hoodwinked.

Mr. Snow's goodness is evident on every page of his book. But why does his warmth of heart not embrace, for example, the Tibetans, or the Indians who for close on four years have had to face a process of erosion of their frontiers as insidious as unprincipled? Mr. Snow's brief chapter 77, called " A Few Words on Tibet," is absurdly prejudiced and evasive; his portrait of the Dalai Lama is a caricature, and his attribution of expansionist motives to Mr. Nehru as silly as it is incapable of proof.

Again and again, on every facet of life in China, Mr. Snow is persuaded and wants to persuade his readers that behind the admittedly tremendous cruelty, injustice and arrogance of the regime the final aim is good. Entirely typical of his unreasoning line of argument is this observation about the Shanghai Conservatoire of Music: " We had 14 pianos here at the time of liberation," Director Tan told me. "Today we have more than 500. Most of them are made in China. . . ."

Do I hear another voice proclaiming just as enthusiastically " In 1949 we had no H-bombs. Soon we shall have many, all made in China. . . . "? Does it never occur to Mr. Snow that there may be an explanation for the ease with which he got his entry permit and for the VIP treatment he was constantly accorded?

---

* *The Other Side of the River: Red China Today by Edgar Snow (published by Gollancz at 3 gns.)*

ANGLO-BELGIAN OCCASION

Above: King Baudouin of the Belgians and Queen Elizabeth driving in an open carriage on their way to Buckingham Palace, at the start of his State visit. **Left:** Queen Fabiola casts an admiring glance at the shining pike of a Yeoman at the Tower of London. She and King Baudouin travelled to the Tower Pier in the Thames barge *Nore*. **Below:** a shy little girl presents a bouquet to Queen Fabiola at the Belgian Embassy. Welcoming the Queen were Belgian children living in London *(cont. on next page)*

ANGLO-BELGIAN OCCASION *continued from page 293*

294 On the first visit to this country by a Belgian monarch since 1937, King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola were met by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Victoria Station, and drove to Buckingham Palace. There, in the evening, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh gave a State Banquet.

On the second day King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola were entertained at Guildhall in the City of London by Sir Ralph Perring, the Lord Mayor, and the City Corporation. Speaking after the luncheon the Lord Mayor discoursed on the civic and cultural links between Britain and Belgium. "The art of self-government was learned by experiment in municipal affairs," he said. "If we in the City of London may boast of having taught its principles to our friends up-stream at Westminster, we must acknowledge that we ourselves learned it very largely from the civic pioneers in Flanders. If England is the Mother of Parliaments, then Belgium must be the Grandmother."

Later on the same day King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola were entertained by Her Majesty's Government at a Gala Performance of Ballet at the Royal Opera House.

On the third day King Baudouin visited the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, while Queen Fabiola went to the National Gallery. In the evening they received the Queen for dinner at the Belgian Embassy.

The scene at Guildhall as the Lord Mayor presents King Baudouin with a silver-gilt casket

Queen Elizabeth is welcomed at the Belgian Embassy by King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola

Queen Fabiola and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive at Covent Garden for The Royal Ballet gala

Shielded by an umbrella from the rain, King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola arrive at Westminster Abbey to lay a wreath on the Unknown Warrior's tomb

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

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Election Pointers

" From Birmingham to Blandford, from Wigan to Woodstock " (as *The Times* said) the Tories certainly streamed out into the wilderness from those borough elections, to lick their wounds. Mr. Wilson, thumbs up, discerned in the results a clear demand from the nation to the Tories to get out quickly and stay out. He was no less confident that the Liberal rocket has proved a damp squib. Certainly, it is Mr. Wilson's hour. The limelight-spot follows his every appearance, he is by far the most popular orator of the day, and his verbal felicities knock down Aunt Sallies two or three at a shot. I only wonder if he has taken his coat off too soon and whether he can keep up his record of sharp-shooting till the General Election. For the borough elections have brought to Mr. Macmillan a very different, if equally crystal-clear, demand: to defer the General Election to the last possible date available—and that is quite a long time ahead, longer than the interval which divided Prestonpans from Culloden. In that interval much may happen which will give the Tories more confidence in opinion polls taken nationally rather than municipally.

Back to Victoria

We have been warned by shrewd experts in auction-room values and fashions that a return is due to Victoriana and that we must pick up at bargain prices now likely specimens of Victorian art, furniture and furnishings and conserve those we already possess, in order that we or our children can be in on the ground floor when Victoriana begin to fetch the inflated prices of now current fashions in art. I dealt a week or two ago with American pioneers who are searching with golden rakes among our dumps for broken Victorian chamberpots. And, of course, there is nothing new in " skying the Gainsboroughs to hang the Winterhalters on the line." Winterhalter was a very competent painter; social and cultural life and fashion are changy-for-changy; there is no new thing under the sun, and history is written in action and reaction. The Victorians made very attractive and long-lasting chamberpots and other furnishings, besides much that was less durable and rather futile. My hope is that history will repeat itself in a wider sphere than mere auction-room values, and that (as after the Commonwealth and again after Queen Victoria's death) inevitable reaction against excesses, good or bad, will adjust the level of our way of life. Perhaps high values will once more be set on Victorian conduct and some of its conventions which, if sometimes smacking of hypocrisy, yet contributed to our dignity and discipline as a nation, in an era when few doubted that Britain was a first-class power and a world influence for good. In that important sphere of our social life the reaction cannot begin too soon.

Sailing on the Serpentine

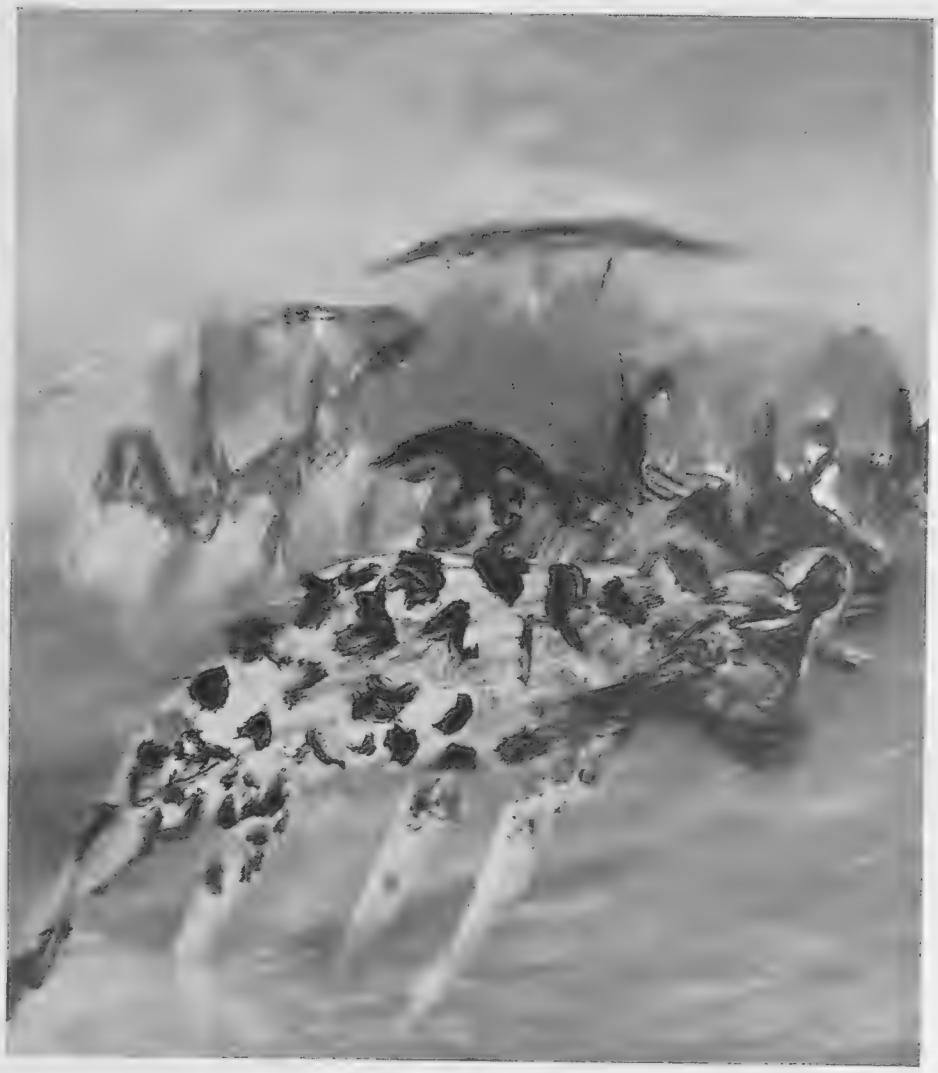
I welcome Mr. Rippon's announcement that sailing boats for hire will be available on the Serpentine this summer. Enthusiasts have pressed for such facilities for a generation. Safety will be the first consideration. No private craft will be allowed; tubby dinghies, as fool-proof as possible, alone will be on offer. But there is no reason why picturesqueness should not move hand in hand with safety. The colours chosen for the sails are all-important. Scarlets and blues should predominate. Hints should be picked up from Cornwall and the Riviera, and if those hints are taken quickly, the charm of the Serpentine-bridge view in July will be enormously enhanced. London needs all the colour it can get, and I put in this urgent plea to the Minister of Works to step off on the right foot, colourfully. White wings may never grow weary in a puff of wind, but scarlets and blues hold that puff quite as efficiently and will give dingy old London the Venetian touch it badly needs.

Neverest

"To find out what you cannot do and then to go and do it " has been the aim of great-hearted pioneers since time ran, and that ideal has always inspired heroic rivalry in achieving the impossible. It is regrettable if a second or third victory over an impossible peak casts doubt on earlier claims, and since every attempt is immensely expensive in labour, money and even human life, there is some point in not smiting the diminished head again, but seeking new worlds to conquer. Certainly Everest today is better christened Neverest, now that the Americans make half-hour visits to the summit at regular intervals. The test of endurance and courage still remains supreme and glorious, but when the enemy is on the floor, there is reduced glory in finishing him off. The truth, I suppose, is that the earth is running short of impossibl targets, and the future for men of heroi mould now lies in space; and flags planted o the moon will need to be more firmly base than on the highest peaks of earth.

Going Out Like a Lion . . .

Nearly 100,000 enthusiasts watched Scotland doing battle recently with Austria at Hampden Park, Glasgow. And though Scotland had established a formidable lead, her supporters had to be content with a " draw." One by one, the Austrians vanished away, neither softly nor silently, on orders from the refere. International football—that sporting " League of Nations "—has a very short close-season, and perhaps it is not exact to say that it " went out like a lion "; but that particular fixture certainly went out like a ravening beast and raised doubts in many minds whether international sporting fixtures establish valid claims to foster brotherhood and understanding among the nations. I am inclined to add one more to the short list of appointments which I should refuse, even if offered on the handsomest terms: the public hangman, the Prime Minister, the animal-slaughterer, the manager of a business " controlled " by Communist shop-stewards, the sewer-man, the private divorce-detective, the gossip columnist—and now I must add the referee in an international soccer match. To all these posts, I prefer to rely on Public Assistance, be the power and glory what it may—I am in favour of giving all forms of soccer a longer close-season, and international soccer, wherever passions have proved too strong for sportsmanship, a close-down. *The Old Stager*



Above, far left: Sir Winston Churchill, 88, and Father of the House, on the day he resumed his seat in the Commons for the first time since his accident last June. With two Left-wing exceptions he was given a standing ovation by members of all parties. **Left:** A bronze of Hercules and the Serpent forms the centre-piece of a new fountain in the Palm House Lake at Kew Gardens, Surrey. The statue, from Windsor Castle, was cast for King George IV

Above: Sidney Nolan, the Australian artist, squats by "Standing Figure," one of the paintings in his exhibition "African Journey" at the Marlborough Gallery in London, due to end on May 25. The other painting is of a hyena circling a group of vultures. **Below:** Another vanishing London landmark; Euston Station Hotel, the oldest railway hotel in the world, is being demolished as part of a re-development plan. It was built in 1839

TODAY'S HEROES

Generation after generation, Hollywood has produced star actors who all over the world have been copied, imitated and admired. At the same time there has grown up a complicated myth of what the Hollywood hero should look like and what he should do. Today, the heroes are no longer quite as uncomplicated as they once were. But they are still men of action. Two new films coming to London exemplify the trend. Above is a scene from *Hud*, a Paramount film of contemporary Texas, at the Plaza from next Thursday, May 30. Here the hero, Hud Bannon, played by Paul Newman, struggles to subdue a greasy pig during one of the contests at the annual rodeo. The film deals with the conflicts between Hud and his cattleman father, played by Melvyn Douglas. Charlton Heston made his reputation as the archetypal hero of the epic. But in his latest film, *Diamond Head*, he plays "King" Howland (right), a hereditary landowner in the Hawaiian archipelago. The time is today and the plot is an often complicated one of people's reactions to mixed marriages on the islands. Released by Columbia, *Diamond Head* has a Royal Charity Premiere on Monday, May 27, at the Carlton.

THE SPHERE May 25, 1963

HOLLYWOOD COMICS OF YESTERDAY

For many people, the great days of Hollywood were those of the silent comedies. Turned out in rapid succession by such studios as Mack Sennett's and Hal Roach's, they starred a long list of masters of slapstick and in them the art of the sight gag reached a pitch of perfection never since equalled. A new compilation film, from Twentieth Century-Fox due at the Rialto at the end of the month, is called *30 Years of Fun*, and contains sequences from shorts made by Charlie Chaplin, his brother Syd, Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton, Billy Bevan, Charlie Chase, Snub Pollard and Harry Langdon. It starts at the turn of the century, with the first French trick films. Separating the slapstick are sequences of rare footage of the passing years —Teddy Roosevelt leading his Rough Riders home from the Spanish-American War, to the speakeasies, flappers and dance marathons.

Top: This studio publicity shot from the early twenties shows Phyllis Haver (the left-hand of the girls) with friends. In *30 Years of Fun*, she makes an appearance with Buster Keaton. **Far left:** Syd Chaplin, Charlie Chaplin's brother, suddenly turns into a very wild waiter in an early short. **Above:** Charlie himself in one of the most famous sequences he ever invented, as the alarm clock surgeon in the pawnshop. **Left:** A still from the first film ever made by Laurel and Hardy together. Called *The Lucky Dog*, it appeared in 1918

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH

300 **TRADE**

Preference and World Tariffs

The Commonwealth Economic Consultative Council (consisting of the Trade Ministers of the 17 independent Commonwealth countries) met for two days of meetings last week. Besides trade within the Commonwealth, the wider problems of trade with the rest of the world were considered. A communiqué issued afterwards declared:

" The Council recognised the importance of increasing trade between Commonwealth countries and noted that a substantial volume of trade and valuable commercial links had developed under the Commonwealth Preference system. These special relationships had made, and continued to make, a major contribution to the economic development of the Commonwealth and to world trade, and any modifications would need to be considered in the light of the compensating benefits which might be offered." The Commonwealth Preference system (known at the time as the Empire Preference system) was established at the Ottawa Conference in 1932).

The main business of the conference seems to have been to discuss Commonwealth attitudes to the " Kennedy round " of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) meetings in Geneva, to which the Commonwealth ministers went immediately after their London talks. The Kennedy round aims to reduce tariffs all over the world.

The Commonwealth Ministers agreed that their contributions to the negotiations must vary according to the circumstances of each of their countries. But the under-developed countries tended to think that GATT at present operates too much to the advantage of the well-developed, wealthier countries. (The first two days of the GATT meetings were devoted to problems of the under-developed countries.)

Another pending series of international talks which the Commonwealth Ministers discussed was the United Nations conference on trade and development, which is due early next year. All welcomed it, but one or two of the older Commonwealth countries expressed fears of Russia attempting to exploit the U.N. conference for her own purposes.

Commonwealth Ministers at the Trade Talks in London. **Above:** Mr. J. R. Marshall (left), New Zealand Minister of Trade, with Mr. McEwen, Australia's Minister of Trade. **Far right:** Mr. Sandys and Mr. Errol, President of the Board of Trade, greet India's Mr. Manubhai Shah. **Right:** Mr. Goka of Ghana

AFRICA

A survey of the Emergent Continent

The past and the future of the Commonwealth countries in Africa was the theme of a lecture read to the Commonwealth section of the Royal Society of Arts on May 14, by the British High Commissioner in Ghana, Sir Geoffrey de Freitas.

He concentrated in his lecture on certain topics he had, in his experience as High Commissioner, found to be among the most frequently raised in discussion. Having traced the history of the British colonies in Africa towards self-government, he dismissed the view that there was a system or plan leading to their acquisition.

In contrast to the haphazard way in which colonies were acquired, all British Governments since 1943 had followed a policy of carefully planned decolonialisation. As each British colony, mandate or protectorate has come to independence, the transfer of power has been smooth and friendly, Sir Geoffrey continued. This was a result of careful planning.

Correcting another misconception, Sir Geoffrey said the ultimate aim in preparing the dependencies for political independence has always been the growth of self-governing parliamentary institutions modelled on those of Britain herself. But this did not mean that British parliamentary institutions could be expected to take root in Africa and grow exactly as they do in Britain.

He next went on to refer to the emotional difficulties of the young ex-colonies. These new countries might appreciate assistance by the former colonial power, but this fought with a determination to be demonstrably independent and a suspicion of colonial re-assertion of control through the back door. This often led them to denounce the countries with whom they have the closest and most useful ties. It also led to non-alignment, and this in turn to what is in fact quite small, but rather over-publicised, receipt of aid "from the East." Another related emotion was that of Pan-Africanism.

Independence and Pan-Africanism as forces exerted in the forum of the United Nations Organisation were qualified by the strength of the Commonwealth link. When in 1949, he was a delegate at the U.N., Sir Geoffrey said he found again and again how valuable it was for Commonwealth delegates to exchange views in private before an important debate.

Another great advantage of the Commonwealth is that it provides a channel for the exchange of skills and experience, and Sir Geoffrey gave several examples of this. Sir Geoffrey ended his talk by quoting President Nkrumah's oft-voiced approval of the Commonwealth as an institution.

Water cascades from the gates of the Kariba Dam, wh

Members of the Pakistan National Assembly on a month's visit to Britain are seen in the rooms of the United Kingdom branch of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association in Westminster Hall with Mr. P. G. Molloy, the branch secretary. From left they are: Mr. Darya Khan Khoso; Mr. Akhtarruddin Ahmad; Mr. Molloy; Raja Hasan Akhtar; Mr. Fakhruddin Ahmed; Mr. Mohammed Yusuf Khattak and Mr. Serajul Islam Miah. They were invited for a month's visit as guests of the Commonwealth Relations Office. Besides their stay in London, places on their itinerary included Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, Paisley, Belfast and Bracknell New Town

harness the Zambesi waters for the Central African Federation

Sir Rohan Delacombe in Melbourne with his wife after being sworn-in as Governor of Victoria

READY FOR LASHAM: 1963

Flashback to the scene at the championships at Lasham last year

This year's National Gliding Championships are being held at Lasham in Hampshire from this Saturday, May 25, to June 3. Although Captain Nicholas Goodhart, of the Navy, the reigning British champion, is not defending his title, nearly all the other leading contenders will be there. Entries are divided into two leagues—for the top pilots from whom the British team is chosen and the other to give pilots competition experience. Each day, after studying the weather, the task setters will decide what tasks are to be flown—they range from free distance to triangle course races. Competition gliding is hard work—competitors may have to drive back overnight from as far away as Cornwall.

Formation flying by members of the RAF team shows the control pilots can have over their gliders. **Below:** For each flight the glider is towed up to about 2,000 ft. by a tug—in this case a Tiger Moth

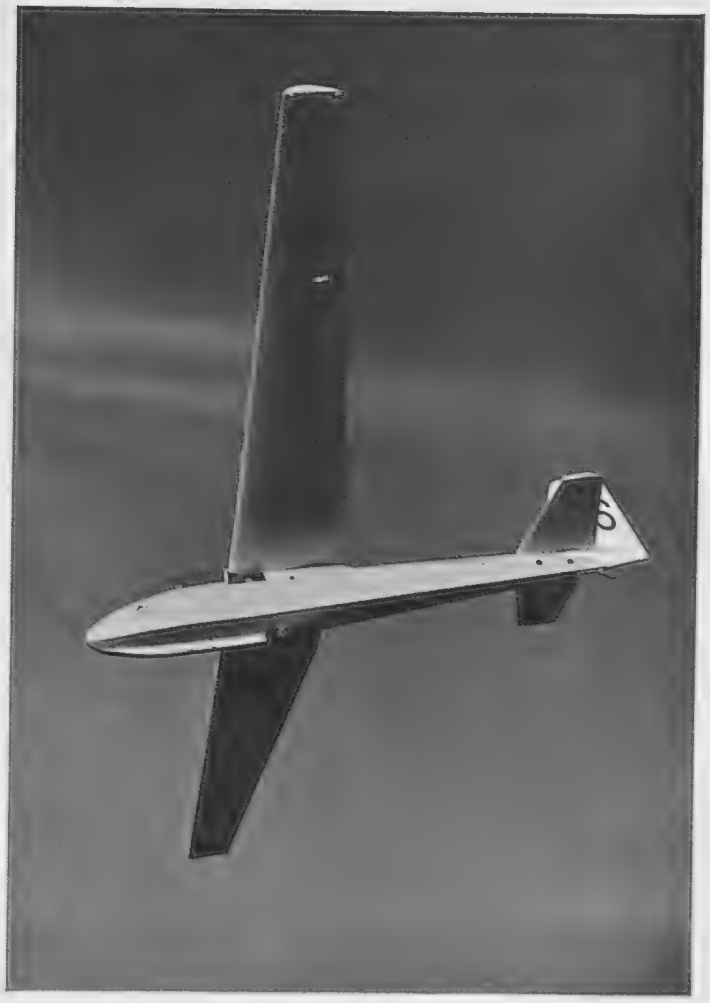
photographed by **Charles E. Brown**

Ploughed fields slip by beneath an Olympia 463. **Left:** The Skylark 3 of Air Commodore N. W. Kearon. **Below:** Derek Piggott, chief instructor at Lasham, tries out his newly arrived Polish glider, the Foka

READY FOR LASHAM: 1963 *continued from page 303*

England's fickle weather of storm and sunshine in rapid succession does not deter the pilot—the glider here is an Olympia 419. Among the leading contestants at Lasham this year are **right:** Peter Scott, with his wife in his Eagle sailplane—in the championships he is to fly an Olympia 419. **Far right:** Philip Wills and his wife. A pioneer of British gliding, he represented Britain at every World Championship until 1959. He was World Champion in 1952 and has been British National Champion five times. He came third at Lasham last year. **Right:** Brigadier A. J. Deane-Drummond, D.S.O., who came second last year. He is also flying an Olympia 419. He represented Britain in this year's World Championships, was British champion in 1947. He commands 44th Independent Parachute Brigade Group (T.A.) and is a former C.O. of the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment. **Far right:** Mrs. Rika Harwood seated in her Slingsby Skylark 3b. She is competing in League 11 and is the holder of the British Women's Goal (Speed) record

End of the flight. This unusual photograph captures the moment as a Skylark 4 is about to touch down. **Above left:** Poised at the top of the loop is an RAF Skylark 3b, demonstrating both the capabilities of a glider and the skill of its pilot. **Left:** Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Welch in the roomy cockpit of the new Slingsby T.49 two-seater training glider, called the Capstan. It is being flown *hors concours* in order to give experience in competition flying to a number of flying instructors. Both Mr. and Mrs. Welch are extremely well-known glider pilots and Mrs. Welch has been British team manager at every World Championship since the war. **Left:** Air Commodore N. W. Kearon (standing), Deputy Chairman of the RAF Gliding and Soaring Association and captain of the RAF team, chats with Air Chief Marshal Sir Theodore McEvoy, the recently retired President of the Association. Air Commodore Kearon will be flying a Skylark 3. **Right:** Another of the gliders being used is the Slingsby Eagle two-seater



BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DEAR OLD GAY

Our Old English Sheepdog, a splendid house guard, but I doubt if she would have attacked anybody

Gay, our Old English Sheepdog, is no more. "Old English Sheepdog": I wonder why the breed was given that name? For if there is one thing that is certain, it is that this is not an old breed: nowhere near as old as many of our herding breeds. The earliest illustration of an Old English Sheepdog, or rather of what may have been one, is in Gainsborough's portrait of the third Duke of Buccleuch. The date is about 1770. But if the dog in this portrait is an Old English Sheepdog, then it must have been a puppy, for it is much too small for the breed as we know it today, and there is good reason to think that the modern dog is much smaller than the earliest examples, since it is certainly a good deal smaller than the earliest show specimens.

I am far from convinced that the dog in the Buccleuch portrait is an Old English Sheepdog, and I would not accept Bewick's engraving of a "Shepherd Dog" as one either. Moreover, I would not accept the paintings of Shaw, Reinagle and Cooper. I think that all are of what we now know as the Bearded Collie. But it may well be that William Leney's illustration in Sydenham Edwards' great book (1800) shows one of the modern breed's ancestors. Be that as it may, the breed did not become widely known until a few were exhibited in the 1870s, and these were already described as Old English Sheepdogs. The principal breed club was founded in the 1880s. The history of the breed cannot truthfully be said to go back farther than that.

But fanciers are prone to claim the greatest possible antiquity for their breed. So I have seen astonishing claims made for the antiquity of the Old English Sheepdog: that it was known as the Cotswold Sheepdog in the Middle Ages, that it was used by drovers taking cattle or sheep (even New Forest ponies!) to the big markets, that because of this it became known as the Smithfield dog, and so on. Legends, all of them. I have been unable to find anything in any book (and there is a considerable literature about the drovers), to find anything anywhere, to support them.

And this, surely, was never the drovers' dog. There is no such thing as a typical sheepdog. Every pastoral country has its own type (indeed, there are parochial types) evolved to meet particular conditions. However, sheepdogs can be divided into two main groups: the guards and the herders. In early times, before enclosures became widespread, the principal duty of the sheepdog was to guard the flock against wild beasts. It was not required to drive the flock (that was done by men on horseback), merely to guard it. In such a dog, size was essential.

Later, when land began to be fenced, the sheepdog was required to help the shepherd in herding the flock. Guarding was a matter of secondary importance: what was required was a quick and active dog with plenty of stamina. Thus we find two distinct types: a large, rather heavy type (the old guards) and a smaller, active type (the true herders). The former are invariably rather short in the back, with roundish heads and shortish muzzles (and that is no bad description of the Old English Sheepdog): the latter longer in the back, with long muzzles and little or no "stop." The true herding sheepdog (the Border Collie, for example) also has a characteristic loping gait, which enables it to cover a great deal of ground, to spend all day on the hill, without tiring. In course of time, the herding dog displaced the guard. But the guard did not die out: it became the farmyard guard.

The Old English Sheepdog (despite some 80 years on the show bench) is still a grand guard dog. We never had to train Gay to guard: she was doing it instinctively at 12 weeks old. Even at that age she would never leave the property; and we have no gate, we are open to the lane. Later in life, she took (of her own accord) to making a round of the bedrooms last thing at night to make sure that we were all safely abed and then, satisfied, she would sleep with her back against the front door. I do not know that she would have attacked anybody—she was, in fact, a very gentle creature, who liked playing with the kittens, who would ride on her back and play "swings" on her ears —but, in any case, there was never the need. Seeing her sitting by a bicycle, or by the front door or where the drive gate ought to be, was enough. Strangers gave her a wide berth.

She had the true sheepdog intelligence in full measure. She was the easiest dog to train that I have ever known. (Within a week of her arrival she was sitting to command for her meals: and she was fully house-trained in about the same time.) We are keen gardeners. A large dog can do a great deal of damage in a flower bed in next to no time just by walking across it. So, as a puppy, she would be tied to a wheelbarrow and taken round the garden. The barrow was always left on a path with Gay tied to it while we worked on the beds. Within a month no string was needed: she would sit quietly by the barrow while we worked. In all the 12 years of her life she never once stepped on to a flower bed: not even late in life when she was completely blind.

Blindness came to her suddenly: or rather, I noticed it suddenly. One day, in our wood, she walked into a tree, and that was the first time I had any idea of it. For a few days she blundered into furniture: and then it was as though she could see. She would walk round the cottage rooms without touching anything, walk anywhere in the wood, walk all over our large and straggling garden without ever leaving the paths, stop exactly where the gate should be. She had the geography by heart. Strangers found it difficult to believe she was blind.

With blindness her hearing became all the more acute and sensitive. She knew the footsteps of everyone who came to the cottage regularly and would never bark at them. Seeing, she was a most silent dog and would rarely bark at all: blind, she would bark (one short sharp bark) whenever a stranger approached the cottage. She knew, too, the regular cars and was silent; strange cars she would greet with a short sharp, but quite different, bark. Blind, she was an even better guard dog than she had been with sight.

Then her hearing went: and with it all her zest for life. For a while she would walk around the garden, but much more slowly, with difficulty, though she did not walk into anything. But time came when she would lie all day, scarcely moving. There was no pain, no grizzling, no complaint. But, alive, life had ended for her. And so Gay is no more. She lies buried on the hillside above the heather garden, looking out over the valley she knew so well for so long. I suppose that we shall have another dog. But we shall not have another Old English Sheepdog.

YACHTING

Pimpernel, designed by P. and A. Froggatt, sold by Pimms Marine of Guildford

A clinker-hulled, four-berth, transom-stern cruiser, the 25 ft. Norwegian-built *Norfjord:* she combines advantages of modern design with traditional building, and is imported by Pimms Marine

The many minor irritations which have dogged the life of competitors and observers alike in past Cowes Weeks are likely to disappear for ever. After more than a year, agreement has been reached among all the interested parties on the organisation of the world-famous Yachting Festival. This is no minor achievement, for it involves nine yacht clubs, led by the Royal Yacht Squadron, who have each been in the habit of running their own regattas during the Week with their own classes and on different handicapping systems. Each regatta had to be entered on separate forms, each issued separate sailing instructions, and in some cases it has been very difficult to obtain information and racing results. Essential and important amenities, such as mooring facilities and landing places for dinghies, were by no means adequate, and to provide, or at least improve, these, public authorities such as the Cowes Harbour Commissioners and the Urban District Council had to be induced to co-operate.

Now entry fees, courses and prizes will be standardised and uniform. All handicapping will be on the "time on distance" basis. One form (and one cheque) is sufficient for entering as many races as desired, provided the entries are received before July 27, the closing date, on the new, combined entry form. Cowes Urban District Council have agreed to provide a dinghy landing at Whitegate, above the floating bridge, on the western riverbank, usable at all states of the tide. The Harbour Commissioners are providing moorings for more yachts by replacing buoys where possible with a number of piles. A central office for information during the week is planned, and the nine clubs involved are going to run a regular launch service to serve the new moorings, the Whitegate dinghy landing and the centre of the town. This great, combined effort, long overdue, is welcome by all.

Twin Keel Yachts

Twin bilge keels have become very popular in the smaller cruising sailing yachts. Their greatest advantages are their superiority over the centreboard in handling and safety, without the drawback of deep draft needed by a fixed single keel. They provide adequate stability and enable the small yachts to take the ground without trouble. Two such handy little craft are offered by Pimms Marine of Guildford. The first, *Pimpernel*, designed by P. and A. Froggatt, is hard chine and has a sheer with a curve similar to that of the ubiquitous *Silhouette*, the forerunner of these small, twin bilge keel craft. She is only 15 ft. on the waterline, but with an overall length of 19 ft. and a beam of just under 7 ft. there is sitting headroom, and sleeping accommodation of a sort for four. I suppose two adults and two children would find it less cramped, but in any case the sturdy little craft is very fully equipped by her builders, including all essentials for cooking and living on board. With her 150 sq. ft. sail area in a masthead rig, *Pimpernel* should do well, for there is a central cast-iron ballast keel in addition to the twins. *Pimento*, the second craft, is slightly larger, with LOA 20 ft., LWL 18 ft., beam 7 ft. 6 ins.

UP-COUNTRY IN KENYA BY SYLVIE NICKELS

The East African adventure begins before ever you set foot on the rich red marrum of its soil. Recently it began, for me, full minutes before—12 smooth hours after take-off from London my BOAC Comet winged low over Nairobi Royal National Park for touch-down at adjoining Embakasi Airport.

There are several surprising things about Nairobi, and not least of them is the fact that it exists at all. For this city, in the middle of what was once nowhere, 5,500 ft. up on a highland plain, was the result of an accident. The name means " the place of the cold water." On what is now Embakasi Airport, the nomadic Masai tribes once watered their herds. But at the turn of the century a stranger invasion occurred as the railway, which had pushed its way for 300 miles from Mombasa en route for Uganda, reached the spot and came to a halt. Twenty-five miles away was the escarpment dropping steeply down to the Great Rift Valley floor. While the railway pioneers scratched their heads over the problem, the encampment grew, and Kenya's future capital was born.

The railway moved on, the camp stayed, but of its temporary ramshackle nature there is no trace to be found amid the high white buildings of new Nairobi or its spacious avenues that are vivid with bougainvillaea.

Outlook in Nairobi

The sights of Nairobi itself can be comfortably covered in two or three days. Apart from its own pleasant nature and the gloriously laid-out gardens (for which credit is due to the City's head gardener, most appropriately named Peter Greensmith), you should visit its Asian bazaars where materials from every part of the world sell at surprising prices. You should go, too, to the Municipal Market for avocado pears at four for a 1s., pineapple at 1s. each, or a zebra skin drum (excellent as occasional tables) for about 30s. Souvenirs in zebra, lion, impala, leopard skin or elephant ear are found in shops and markets everywhere and often have a practical as well as a curiosity value. So is every flower normally growing in an English garden, only here the products of our four seasons are all available at any time.

Recommended hotels in Nairobi are the modern, central New Stanley, the country-club style Norfolk, whose bar is a veritable outpost of Britain, and the slightly cheaper Ambassadeur. The city also has an art gallery, probably the finest small theatre in Africa (the Donovan-Maule), and the Coryndon Natural History Museum which provides an excellent preface to any of the national parks or game reserves. Nairobi Royal National Park is the obvious first choice, for it is literally on the doorstep, and it is a memorable experience indeed to find yourself driving within five miles of the city amid herds of zebra, wildebeeste, gazelles, or under the immensely superior eye of the giraffe. Lions are here the great speciality, but if you are short of time it is wise to go with a guide, preferably one of the Park rangers, who knows exactly where to find them. And there can be few finer sights than of these majestic beasts lazily lording it in the high grass while you, the tourist, are strictly confined to your " cage " on four wheels.

From Nairobi and all other main cities of Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda, there are

Treetops Hotel; one of the best grandstands for wild-life viewing in Kenya

organised facilities ranging from a 30-day big-game hunting safari of the most luxurious proportions to a simple one-day sight-seeing trip. Or, of course, you can hire a car, with or without driver, through companies like UTC.

One quite short trip (by East African standards, that is: it totals over 300 miles) takes in Nyeri, Nanyuki and Nakuru. Nyeri is 90 miles north of Nairobi and here is the famous Outspan Hotel where Lord Baden-Powell had the infinite wisdom to spend the last years of his life; he is buried in the local cemetery. The hotel is magnificently placed between Mount Kenya and the Aberdare Mountains, and is the property of the creator and owner of far-famed Treetops, ten miles away. Its whole story is entertainingly described in his book (*Treetops Hotel* by Eric Sherbrooke Walker).

From the Outspan, a number of tours are arranged, including an unusual one in conjunction with Mrs. Amber May of Nyeri, who operates what must be a memorable four-six day excursion on horseback to the snow line on Mount Kenya. There is also trout fishing, swimming, golfing as well as game-watching as near as Treetops or right up in the desert country on the Uaso Nyiro river.

Nanyuki lies about 40 miles north of Nyeri, and at the approaches of this little town, you will cross the Equator. Six miles from here is the Mount Kenya Safari Club, popularly known as the " millionaire's paradise," though happily not necessarily at millionaire's prices, since full board rates are from £5 a day. A paradise it certainly is in the most glorious grounds on the slopes of Mount Kenya, with every comfort ranging from a heated swimming pool to huge log fires (at 6,000 ft. you are high enough for these to be welcome on some evenings).

Watch for Flamingoes

From Nanyuki, you should turn west across the wide plains and scrubland, down to lovely Thomson's multi-waterfalls and so to the Rift Valley and, through a mauve mist of jacaranda, into Nakuru. Nakuru (Stag's Head Hotel) has East Africa's most modern railway station and is the centre for pyrethrum, but for the tourist its chief and most astonishing feature are the flamingoes of Nakuru lake. From a distance the waters of this lake appear to be bathed in the glow of some perpetual sunset; it is only as you come nearer that this fantastic effect dissolves into literally hundreds of thousands of flamingoes. And they are merely one of the lake's 370 different species. Also from Nakuru, you should go up to the Menengai Crater for its wonderful views. You can return to Nairobi by the main road (100 miles), which leads up the steep Rift Valley escarpment for another series of magnificent views.

To sing the praises of one National Park or Game Reserve more than another is a task I

On the edge of the escarpment, overlooking the splendour of the Great Rift Valley

Mt. Kenya Safari Club seen from the lake

In Nairobi, the Ambassadeur Hotel

would certainly not undertake. The most famous perhaps are the Queen Elizabeth National Park of Uganda, Kenya's the Tsavo Royal National Park and in Tanganyika the Serengeti National Park. The last-named is famed for the annual game migrations of monumental proportions, the sight of which is one of the great wonders of the world. In fact, it is even possible to do a day-trip to Serengeti from Nairobi by a special East African Airways flight. This company operate any number of all-in trips of varying duration to the game parks or coast, while their network of inter-territorial services make vast tracts of this huge area accessible for even a brief visit.

My own National Park experience was at Lake Manyara in Tanganyika, 75 miles from Arusha which, in turn, is an hour's flight from Nairobi. Arusha has the novel position of being just half way on the main road from Cape Town to Cairo. Lake Manyara National Park, reached across the immense plains peopled by the nomadic Masai, spreads down the sheer wall of the Rift Valley into thick ground-water forests of mahogany and fig, and open marsh and grasslands. By East African standards it is small (123 square miles) including about two-thirds of Manyara Lake and the richest and most varied of wild-life fare.

One of the most curious features is the habit acquired by its lion population of roosting in the branches of the acacia woodlands. But even lion seemed small fry after 15 minutes spent under a bough on which a leopard was draped at rest, watching us through lazy yellow eyes. His final descent, the epitome of sleek grace, into the long grass was accompanied by a hysterical chorus of rage and alarm from every baboon and monkey in the neighbourhood. After four "hold-ups" and on one occasion being forced to reverse away from their advances, elephant began to seem commonplace. About tea-time, the odd rhino began moving with steady purpose through the forest glades and, with the approach of dusk, the quietness grew, heavy with the silent watchfulness of Africa.

Roast Beef and Yorkshire

Hotels and lodges provide accommodation in most of the parks and reserves. At Manyara, the comfortable Lake Manyara Hotel sits on the very edge of the Rift Wall, and from its swimming pool you can look down on to the wild-life activities, nearly 1,000 ft. below. Thirty-five miles from here, on the road to Serengeti, you come to the Ngonrongoro Crater, the largest in the world, teeming, too, with the greater and lesser beasts of Africa. The Crater Lodge on its rim (7,800 ft.) is being modernised and extended and has wonderful views right across the crater whose inhabitants are quite frequent visitors.

It was at Lake Manyara Hotel that I was once again struck by the extreme Britishness which catches one unawares in so many unexpected places in East Africa. Somehow, a traditional dinner of roast beef and Yorkshire seemed the height of paradox up there on the Rift Valley Wall.

Similarly, two days later as the overnight train from Nairobi to Mombasa roared through Tsavo National Park, there I was in the restaurant car getting down to roast pork and apple sauce (five courses for 7s. 6d., and excellently served). But Mombasa and the beaches and the big-game fishing are another story: the other face of the East African coin which makes of it such unbeatable holiday fare, and which will be described in next week's article.

For further information: East Africa Tourist Travel Association, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.
Means of Access: London-Nairobi, by BOAC, East African Airways, etc., from £196 4s. Economy Class to £397 16s. first-class return. Also BUA, from £165 12s. Sky Coach fare to £196 4s. Economy fare. London-Mombasa by British India, from £108-£120 tourist class and £152-£218 first-class single; by Union Castle (one-class), £125-£235 single. Air/sea interchange facilities are available. Mombasa-Nairobi by rail, £3 19s. 3d. first-class single, including sleeper.

THE TROUBLES OF GENIUS *and this week's fiction*

310 **Oscar Wilde** — *The Aftermath* by H. Montgomery Hyde: Methuen. 30s. Among the books, articles, radio discussions and theatrical entertainments at present dealing with the subject of the late Oscar Wilde is this book which is devoted to his years in prison and the pitifully short time he lived afterwards. Mr. Hyde has dedicated his work to the memory of "those who have toiled in the cause of penal reform," and the book's clear purpose is to underline the inhumanity of prison regulations at the time of Wilde's incarceration in Pentonville, Wandsworth and Reading gaols, as well as his disinterested efforts to get better conditions for his fellow prisoners, after his release. Mr. Hyde has made use of many of Wilde's letters to his friends and some of the notes he wrote to the one kindly warder at Reading. The chronicle is sombre and moving and an effective indictment of prison life.

Marriage and Genius by John Stewart Collis: Cassell, 42s., is the impressive title of a volume in which the author has set out to explore some of the mysteries of married life as they relate to the tragi-comedy of the unions between Tolstoy and his wife; Strindberg and his wives. "I intended," writes Mr. Collis, "to deal with three or four examples of marriage with genius, including Shelley and Carlyle. But on account of the multiplicity of Strindberg's wives and the complexity of Tolstoy's career I have confined myself to them. . . ." A wise decision, given this richness of material which Mr. Collis treats with considerable humour and perception.

Denton Welch — A Selection from His Published Works: Chapman and Hall, 25s., has been edited by Mr. Jocelyn Brooke, who also contributes an introduction in which he speaks of this young writer (Welch died in 1948 at the age of 33) as "a true original . . . his every utterance has an air of being entirely natural and spontaneous." He worked hard and intensely, as if he realised his life was to be so short, and only three of his books were published while he lived; another three posthumously. Mr. Brooke has made selections from all six of them in this very welcome book.

Single Bed for Three by Howard Kent: Hutchinson. 25s., is described as a Lawrence of Arabia notebook and is, in fact, a highly entertaining record of the author's experiences during the shooting of the Lawrence film on location in the Middle East. Mr. Kent was officially picture editor to the vast film unit. Gradually he became, if not a jack-of-all-trades, at least an expert in some very unexpected directions. He has a lively, journalistic style and, not unnaturally, illustrates his book with some fine photographs.

The Flo Affair by Verily Anderson: Jonathan Cape. 16s. Five lively children, numerous visiting art students and an endless succession of pets, both domestic and less conventional, have combined to make Mrs. Anderson's life not only a busy but an exceptionally happy one, and in this enchanting book she tells us of some of the gay but unlikely incidents in and around her Sussex home.

Cult of the Cat by Patricia Dale-Green: Heinemann. 30s., may not appeal to confirmed dog-lovers or to those people who "know the minute there's a cat in the room"—and disapprove of it. But it will be of considerable interest to those who do approve of cats, cherish them and/or admire them, for the writer has done some deep research on her subject, has produced authentic cat-lore from Egypt, Thailand and Ireland and illustrated her volume with a collection of photographs and prints.

The Rich Man's Guide to the Riviera by David Dodge: Cassell. 21s., has a fairly startling cover, featuring a girl in a minimal bikini, and is a high-spirited, on the whole friendly, review of the odd goings-on which may be observed on that expensive stretch of coastline.

Spanish Fare by André Marling: Cassell. 25s., proves, among other things, that its author (who was born in Paris of Russian parents and served during the war in the RNVR) is a dedicated Hispanophile. His book consists of radio talks, given while he was working in the English section of the Spanish National Radio, and concerned with many of the aspects of Spain as he knew it between 1949 and 1961. Highly instructive and not without charm.

With Shame Remembered by Bill Beatty: Cassell. 25s., gives the reader a fresh view of Australia in its early days and dispels some of the dustier misconceptions about deported convicts. Mr. Beatty's object has evidently been to prove that the first settlements were by no means populated by the scum of English cities and he does quite a good job on this. He also—and rather more sensationally—gives details of some of the horrifying brutality suffered by men and women convicts alike.

That Men Should Fear by John Naish: Hutchinson. 18s., first of this week's novels, also has an Australian setting, though in this case the period is from the 1920s to the present day. Mr. Naish has only known Australia since 1950 himself, but he writes about it with all the loyalty of a dinkum Aussie, as well as with the Welsh fire and imagination he was born with.

The Glass Facade by John Watney: Jonathan Cape, 16s., is extremely funny, brilliantly inventive and at moments quite horrifying. The latter emotion is caused by nothing as melodramatic as murder or torture, I should add, but by Mr. Watney's all-too-clear vision of the kind of thing that goes on in the biggest of Big Business offices.

EXTENDING THE REALMS OF EXISTENCE

The Silent Past by Ivar Lissner: Jonathan Cape. 42s., translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn. Taking the view that man's intellect has been dulled by materialism, by the superfluity of mass-produced articles surrounding him, Ivar Lissner probes into the strange peoples and cultures that once inhabited the earth, but have left only tantalising hints of their way of life. Here, indeed, is a quest for lost spiritual values, for the secrets of inward development so badly needed, as the author asserts, in this age of outward progress. The author's account of the ancient Sardinian and Scythian cultures are particularly revealing, but it is the area deep in Asia's heart, the great cradle of religious thought and teaching, on which much of his attention has been focused.

The Miracle of Life by Dr. Heinz Woltereck: Souvenir Press. 35s. Here is another able translation from the German, the work of Mervyn Savill. Dr. Woltereck, son of a well-known biologist, Professor Richard Woltereck, examines in his opening chapters the possibilities of life existing on other planets. He then takes us back to the dawn of life on earth, describing what is now known about cellular growth and structure. The developing stream of life in all its forms, insect, fish, bird, plant, animal and man, comes within his range. An enthralling narrative is accompanied by some magnificent photographs.

One of the illustrations from *The Silent Past*—this clay figure of a horse, painted light and dark brown, with a gaily-coloured saddle, was a funeral offering. It was dug up at Kara-Khoja, 20 miles from the oasis of Turfan in East Turkestan

Survey of the Moon by Patrick Moore, F.R.A.S.: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s. Since 1957, when the first earth satellite soared into space, the whole question of lunar exploration has undergone a swift change. Once this was a field left to amateurs and cranks, says Mr. Moore. Now it is in the forefront of Russian and American space research, and in this volume the author brings us up to date on all that has happened in the last exciting decade and all that we have discovered about the moon's main features. Incidentally, Mr. Moore gives advice on the best vantage point to view mother earth after landing on the moon.

The Living Sea by Captain J. Y. Cousteau in association with James Dugan: Hamish Hamilton. 35s. This celebrated explorer describes the notable progress made in exploring life under water following the discovery of the aqua lung, which the author perfected in company with Emile Gagnan. *The Living Sea* reveals what a wonderland has opened out for the submarine archaeologist.

Under the Mediterranean by Honor Frost: Routledge and Kegan Paul. 40s. This is another volume in the same vein, but concentrating on the great Middle Sea. Miss Frost shows how underwater research has developed into a skilled and disciplined profession, which is already adding enormously to our knowledge of the ancient Mediterranean civilisations.

A New Friend by David Stone: Hutchinson. 18s., introduces two young men as non-heroes of this amusing novel, who are not so much angry at life as thoroughly puzzled by it. Mr. Stone has a vivid, colloquial and easy style, and plenty of imagination.

The Stories of William Sansom: Hogarth Press. 25s. In her introduction to this most distinguished collection, Miss Elizabeth Bowen writes that "a Sansom story is a *tour de force*. Readers who dislike, mistrust or resent that should turn to something other than this volume," and how right she is. William Sansom is a writer on his own: not derivative, nor traditional. He uses words with an economy and a rightness which argues a concentration of positive intensity, and yet his sentences read with a smooth ease that appears effortless. To re-read some of these stories is a quiet pleasure; to read others for the first time, a genuine excitement.

Storms of Our Journey by David Walker: Collins. 18s., another collection of short stories, show this Scots-Canadian writer at his resourceful best with settings which vary between the frozen north, the jungles of India and his own Scottish Highlands. Readable and colourful.

This Night, The Woman by Stephen Rome: Gollancz. 15s., is this writer's eighteenth thriller and, although it doesn't show him at the very top of his form, it is welcome for its ingenuity, its natural dialogue and its exotic Florida background.

. . . And Presumed Dead by Lucille Fletcher: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s., is another thriller and a good one, by the author of *Sorry, Wrong Number* which, I seem to recall, was an extremely chilling piece of work and made an even creepier film. The present book has its moments, too.

Vernon Fane

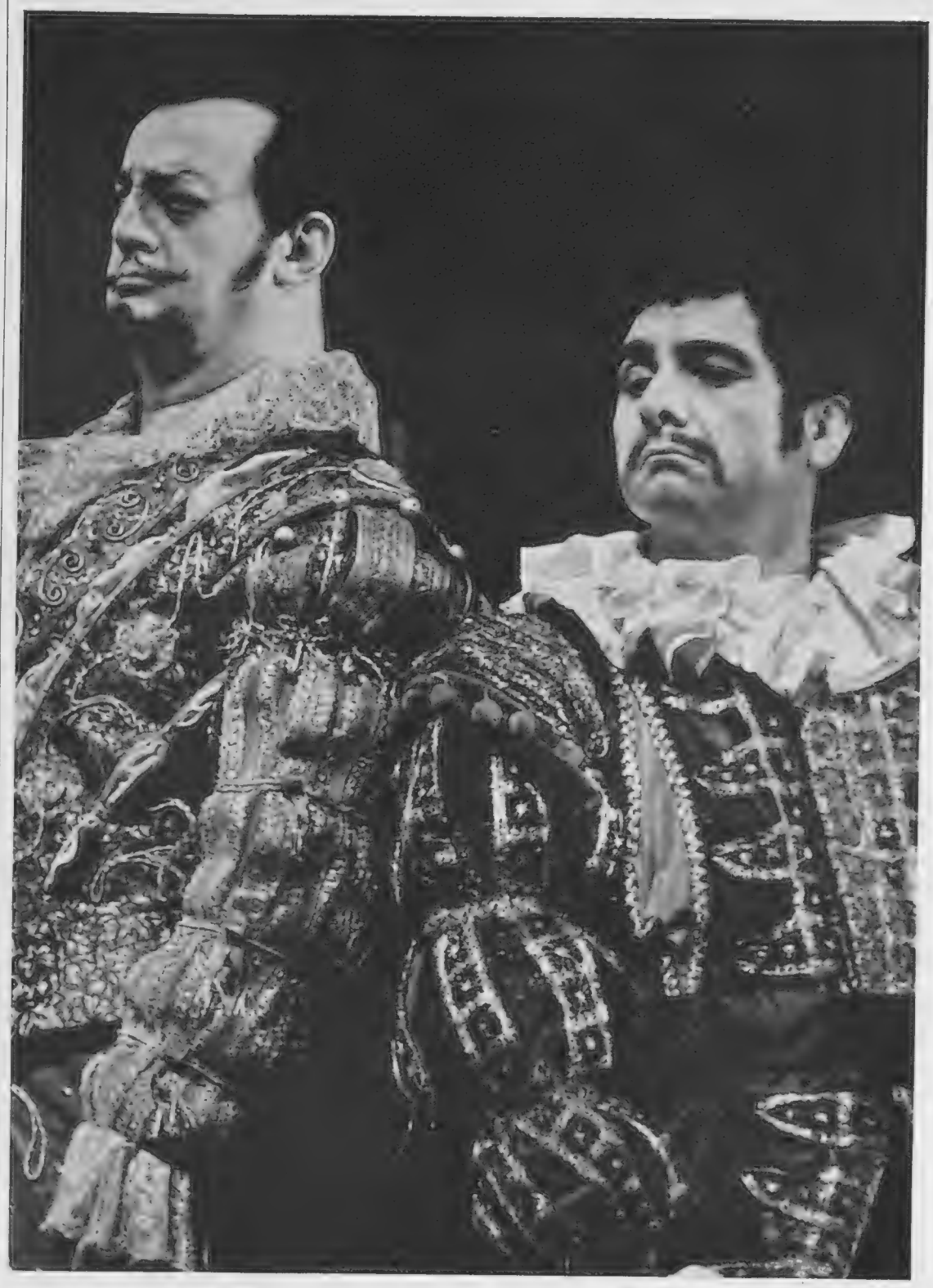
Between Overs by Bert Sutcliffe: W. H. Allen. 18s. This distinguished New Zealand batsman, one of the finest left-handers the game has produced, recounts with zest and modesty his experiences in Test and Plunket Shield cricket.

Ted Dexter's Cricket Book: Arthur Barker. 18s. Here the captain of England and Sussex sets out in words and pictures some of the highlights of the game. He cheerfully enters the field of controversy in discussing such subjects as wives on tour and gamesmanship in the Tests, and quite obviously has a penchant for village cricket which will no doubt bring him joy long after his career in the first-class game is over. Here is a book written freely and fairly without too much anxiety about what the other fellow is going to say when he reads it. Ted Dexter's attitudes are refreshing, and his judgments usually generous.

Beyond a Boundary by C. L. R. James: Hutchinson. 25s. This pot-pourri of West Indian cricketing wisdom and literary and political anecdote is going to give a great deal of all-round pleasure. Mr. James measures his West Indian cricketing heroes with two yardsticks: the first their cricketing ability and character, and second, the part that they play as ambassadors.

Richard Edmonds

BARITONE PARTNERSHIP



One of the pleasures of this May in London has been the partnership of two leading baritones—Tito Gobbi and Geraint Evans—singing together in Mozart at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. In the revival of Zeffirelli's romantically sumptuous and magnificent production of *Don Giovanni* (which was first seen last year), they came together as the Don and his servant Leporello. In the photograph by Reg Wilson, Tito Gobbi as the aristocratic, sensual and restless Don is on the left, with, right, Geraint Evans in his highly accomplished portrayal of the down-at-heels Leporello. Although Gobbi and Evans have often taken over each other's roles—for various reasons—not only at Covent Garden but also at other opera houses in the world, it has been the first time that they have appeared together on the stage. Their partnership is to be repeated in the new production being mounted by Covent Garden of another of Mozart's operas *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The première of this will be given at a gala performance next week, on May 29, in aid of the Royal Opera House Benevolent Fund, to be attended by the Queen Mother. *Figaro* has not been seen at Covent Garden for eight years. For the new production, by Oscar Fritz Schuh with designs by Teo Otto, a very strong cast has been assembled—led by Tito Gobbi as the Count and Geraint Evans as Figaro. Susannah is to be sung by Mirella Freni, who has been an enchanting Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*. Others in the cast include Ilva Ligabue and Teresa Berganza.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

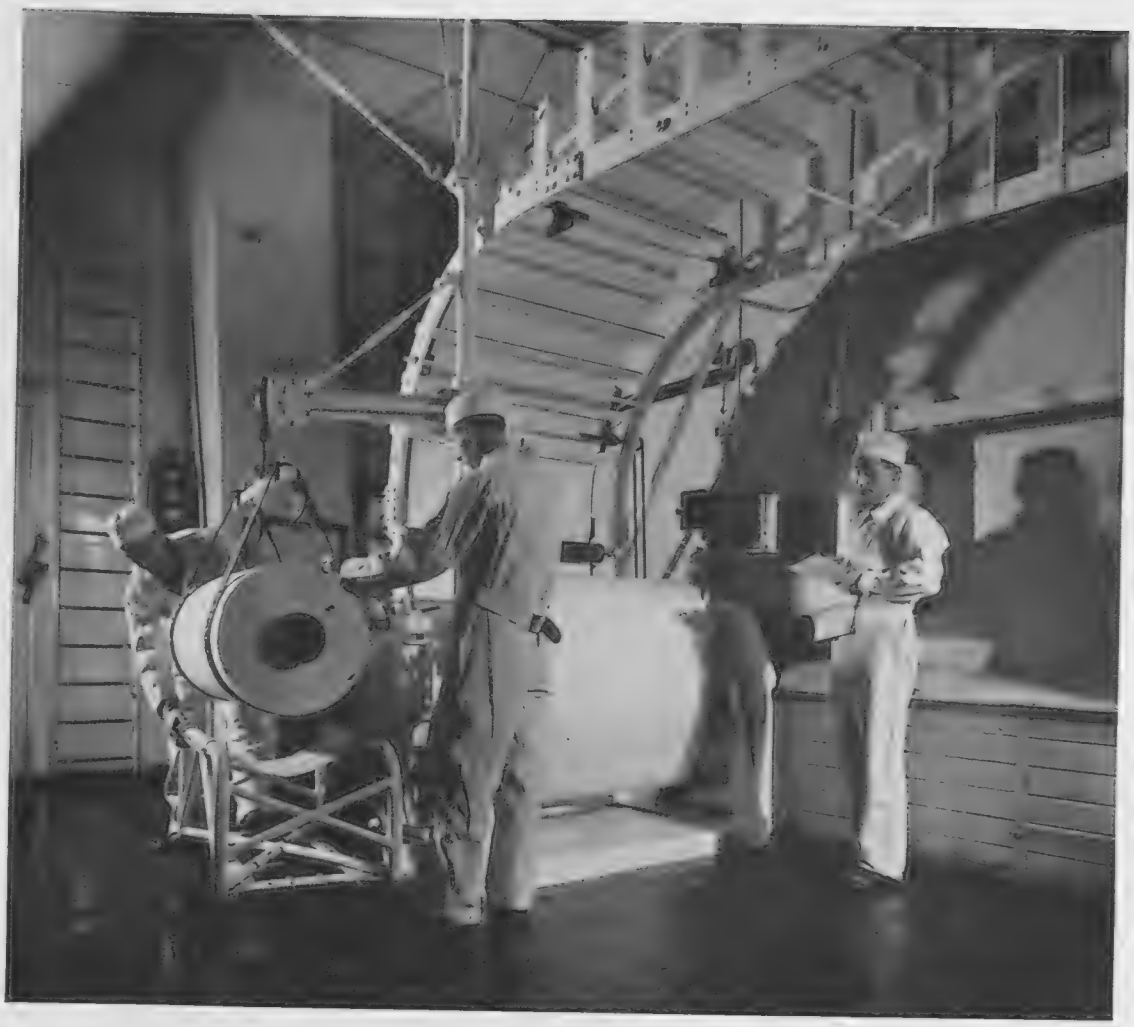
LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **ARTHUR BRYAN**

Mr. Bryan became Managing Director of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons Ltd. in January this year. He has been photographed in the company's London showrooms, where the firm's new designs are being shown in a highly original setting. Mr. Bryan was appointed a Director in 1962 and for the past two years has been President of Wedgwood's New York company—during which time he carried out a radical reorganisation there and increased sales by 27 per cent. Born in 1923 and educated at Longton High School, Stoke-on-Trent in Staffordshire, Arthur Bryan was under 40 when appointed Managing Director. When he left school, he joined Barclays Bank. During the last war he served with aircrews in the RAFVR, joining Wedgwood in 1947. His two years' training included work in every department of Wedgwood's factory as well as study at the North Staffordshire Technical College and Burslem School of Art. In 1950 he became one of the youngest graduates of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association (now the Institute of Marketing). After working in the sales office at Barlaston, he became a traveller and was appointed London Manager in 1953, a job he later combined with that of General Manager of Wedgwood Rooms Ltd. In 1959 he became General Sales Manager. By this time he had travelled extensively in Europe and the U.S. on the company's behalf. In 1960, he was appointed President of Wedgwood's American company, where he also became a member of the council of the British-American Chamber of Commerce and a Director of the Association of Importers. Back in this country, he has lost no time in getting to grips with Wedgwood's future. An army of workmen are at present modernising the house in Tittensor, Staffordshire, where he will live with his wife and his children, Lawrence and Linda. The house once belonged to Sarah Wedgwood, the widow of Josiah who founded the firm in 1759

SNAP-HAPPY INDUSTRY

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

Ten years ago, you could safely assume that anyone you saw on the streets of Europe with more than one camera bag slung around his person was an American. Few Europeans, then, had acquired the obsession: some Germans no doubt had, but at the time they could not afford to indulge it. Five years ago the cult and the camera cases were spreading internationally: the visiting Japanese businessman, perhaps, looked most like a Christmas tree of cameras, but some Europeans ran him close. Today, crossing the Channel or waiting at London Airport, you can see that the habit has come home: more and more outgoing British tourists are hung about with the leather-cased 35-millimetre, the dangling exposure meter, and those oddly more impressive zipped and pocketed bags that obviously contain telephoto lenses, photofloods, tripods and other desirable impedimenta. The unphotographically minded may sometimes cynically suspect that these in fact contain no more than the photographer's shaving gear or bars of chocolate; but it certainly comes as no surprise to learn that the business of supplying the amateur photographer is in a state of continuing boom.



At Kodak's factory, transparent film base is handled before coating

Craze for cameras

In Britain, however, the be-miniatured enthusiast is a symbol of mass interest in taking photographs: he is not, yet, anything like typical of it. Sales of miniature cameras—which label includes all those that take more than the "normal" eight or 12 exposures on a roll of film—are certainly growing faster than those of cameras as a whole in Britain; but they still remain very much in the minority. During the last ten years the annual rate of sale of still cameras of all types has roughly doubled, to some million and a half in 1962. Of these, miniature cameras last year accounted for about 375,000, against 15,000 ten years ago.

The bulk of the business, however, is still in simpler, less expensive, cameras—what used to be the "box" camera, though nowadays it tends less often to be shaped like a box and more and more approximates, in shape if not in performance, to the style of the miniature camera. Box and folding cameras, again, must make up the bulk of the approximately 12 million cameras in use in Britain; only about two million, the trade guesses, can be miniature cameras. This "camera population" is a relatively high one: though the figures are broad estimates, Britain appears to come not far behind the United States in cameras per head of population, and well ahead of leaders in camera manufacture such as Japan and West Germany.

Attitude of British makers

The very widespread ownership of comparatively simple cameras is perhaps partly a cause and partly a result of the philosophy that dominates the main British makers such as Kodak and Ilford—that a camera is basically a way of consuming film, rather than a commercial end in itself. Britain has never developed the manufacture of the most advanced miniature cameras, in which West Germany used to excel and Japan has now clearly taken the technical lead—though of late its own "simple" cameras are becoming more complex. A number of attempts were made between the wars and since the war to develop "precision miniature" manufacture in this country. The fact that none has become firmly established has been a frequent subject of reproach from critics outside the industry.

Technically, one may well regret the fact that Britain has never been up with the leaders in this fascinating area of precision manufacture; commercially, one is not so sure. Demand for the most advanced of still cameras can never be

(Continued on page 314)

Dental surgery photographed for instructional purposes. The camera is a 35mm. Asahi Pentax

SNAP-HAPPY INDUSTRY *continued from page 313*

high; nor is the best-established technical leadership easy to maintain, as West Germany has found. Japan's bent for delicate manufacture, which shows for example in its leadership of the transistor radio business, has been seen at its best in the surge to ascendancy in development of miniature cameras at lower prices than can be matched in Europe (with, at its best, better miniature cameras). But even there, the proliferation of makes and models has made competition extremely bitter—one windfall of which for the British consumer, in recent months, has been the sharp price-cutting of Japanese miniature and sub-miniature cameras in our shops.

The basic product is film

The manufacturers in this country, led by Kodak, have never varied from the view that their basic product is photographic film, not complicated cameras. Seventy-five years ago, the first Kodak camera sold to the public was bought with the film in; you took the snapshots, then returned the whole thing to Kodak, which processed the film, and returned the prints and the camera loaded up again. This year, when Kodak introduced its "Instamatic" range of cameras, built around its "Kodapak" cartridge, the key technical innovation was an entirely trouble-free film, loaded more easily and with less risk of error than ever before. It was, moreover, a film cartridge that would only go into a Kodak camera.

This new range of cameras, again, is designed basically for the amateur, not the photographic *aficionado*. It varies from a very simple camera, priced at no more than the present versions of the box camera, to one that will incorporate a built-in exposure meter which sets the camera automatically and automatic film winding, as well as flash arrangements (characteristically, this most elaborate model in the range is being made by Kodak's German company). But for cameras with these refinements, they remain extremely simple, as well as inexpensive; the enthusiast who wants the maximum battery of adjustments to get things just right before he takes his photograph will remain wedded to the more

(Continued on page 316)

A Kodak technician inspecting 35 mm. motion picture film for possible flaws

Packing Ilford Nuclear Research Emulsion

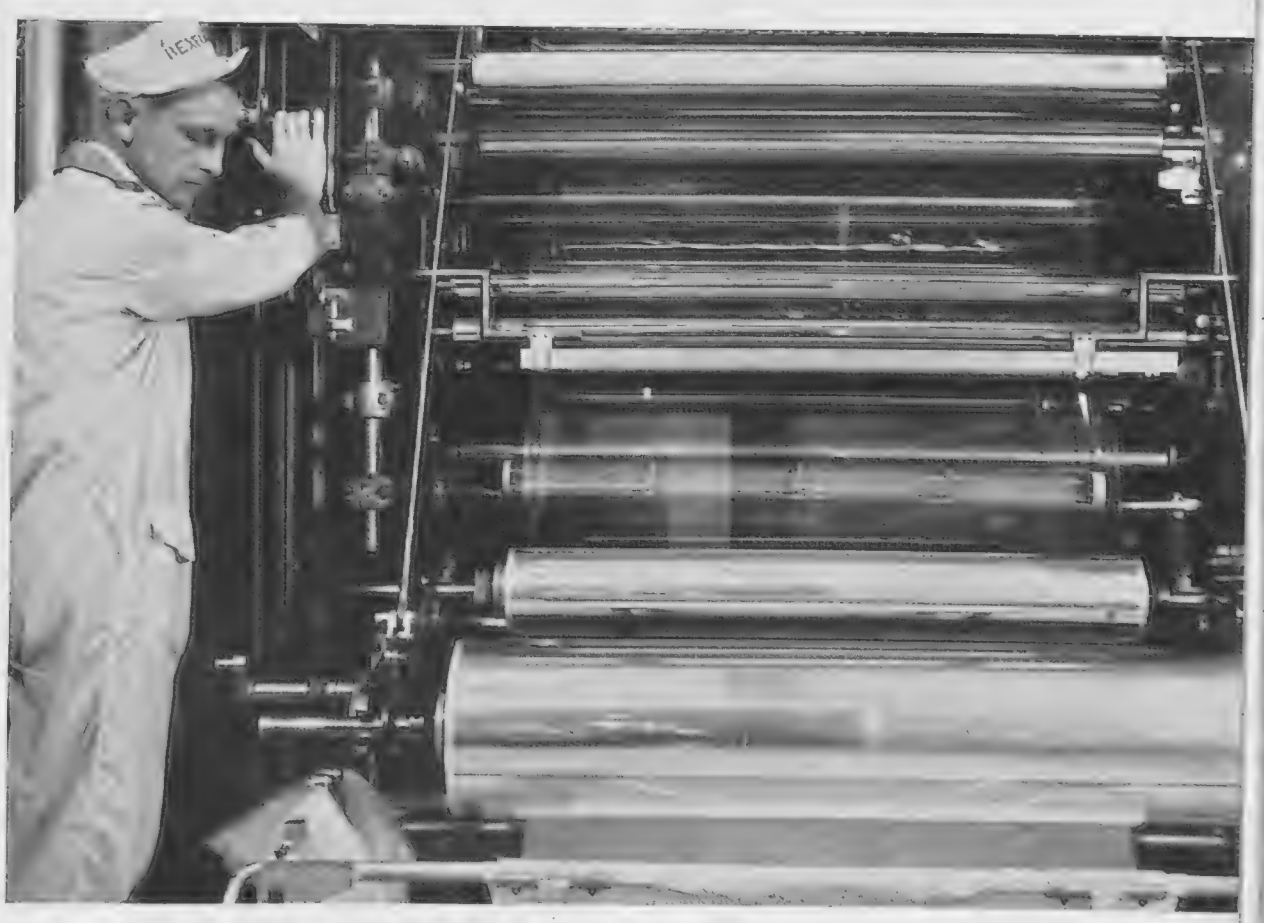
Mass polishing of lenses for Aldis projectors

hly corrosive silver nitrate handled at Kodak's

An 8½-ton camera for tracking earth satellites by the Ministry of Aviation Radar Establishment

A "Kodapak" film cartridge for foolproof loading

Lens elements in readiness for hard coating



A finished reel of photographic film base comes off the rollers

SNAP-HAPPY INDUSTRY *continued from page 314*

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complex foreign apparatus. Effectively, however, these cameras fit in with a trend that has been evident for five years or so in the precision miniature field—the development of a wide range of medium-priced "automatic" cameras, with built-in light-meters, coupled rangefinders, in which almost all of the settings are done by the camera itself and the owner has merely to press the button. In a sense, therefore, the miniature camera is coming back towards the simplicity that the "snapshot" cameras always relied on; but the photograph that is produced, and the reliability of getting good shots, differs radically from that of the old box camera.

Colour Photography

Further elements in the minor technical revolution that has been occurring in amateur photography during the last few years are the switch towards colour photographs and the wider interest in ciné-cameras. In terms of value, though not of footage, colour film indeed now outsells black and white on the British market (each roll of film, of course, costs much more). Here also Kodak dominates the market with its Kodachrome and Ektachrome films; but Ilford, which entered the market only a few years ago and has made a point of offering colour "contact prints" along with all the Ilfocolor transparencies that it processes, is said to have gained about 10 per cent. of the market in 12 months.

Almost all the ciné film stock sold is colour, and sales have been moving up rapidly in the last year or two. The cameras have come down sharply in price—one can get an effective cine-camera cheaper than most imported miniature still cameras—and this part of the market is growing perhaps fastest of all.

Amateur photography, however, remains only one side of the photographic business. So far as film is concerned, supplies to commercial, industrial and scientific consumers still probably outweigh sales to the public; this is perhaps not as true of cameras, but when one counts in all the processing equipment, plus X-ray photographic equipment for hospitals and the growing range of photocopying machines, the balance of apparatus sales too probably shifts towards these diverse "professional" users.

Developing Centrally

Every kind of camera is a consumer not only of film, but of processing capacity and materials; this industry, of necessity, carries a sizeable service trade on its back. For colour film, still, the processing is linked with, and indeed sold with, the film itself; each manufacturer has its own large-scale processing laboratories for its own particular colour stock. For black-and-white film developing there remains a scattering of chemists and photographic dealers who do their own; but increasingly the retail trade, like the industries using photography, sends its exposed negatives back to large-scale laboratories. The development of new equipment for this trade, and the need at once to increase the speed of processing and deal with more and more sensitive film stock, take up a large part of the industry's research effort.

Film, from the humblest of black-and-white stock to the highly specialised stock used, for example, in radiography or in some nuclear instrumentation, remains the main product of the British photographic industry. This is not an industry about which precise figures are readily available, but the last production census (1958) suggests that four-fifths of the manufacturers' output, quite apart from expenditure on later processing, consisted of film stock of one kind or another. And with the growth of sales of colour film, which goes back to the manufacturers themselves for processing, their concentration on film, rather than the apparatus to use it, may indeed be growing.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

ELECTION HEDGING *by The Sphere City Correspondent*

Whatever the impact of the economy on share prices in the stock market over the next 12 months, the influence of the General Election is bound to become more significant as the date approaches. The election is casting its shadow farther ahead than usual on this occasion because the six months' capital gains tax means that investors who buy shares now have them frozen, as it were, until the autumn—by which time the election may have been announced and shares prices have tumbled. It is true that there are people in the City who argue that economics are more important than politics and that the underlying trend of the U.K. economy is upwards. Whether Labour or Conservatives win, earnings are going to improve over the next 18 months in many industries. Share prices, the argument goes, may be disturbed temporarily, but earnings yields will assert themselves in the end. Investors who agree with this, or who are convinced that the Conservatives will win, can of course continue to plan their portfolios undisturbed.

But those who think a Labour victory probable—or, which is just as important for share prices, think that the market will think a Labour victory probable—ought perhaps to consider adjusting their portfolio ahead of the election. First of all, what to do about the three traditional election bogeys: steel, road haulage and insurance? Steel will almost certainly be renationalised if Labour returns, though the procedural time lag might be anything up to three years. But the crucial question is the terms of nationalisation. There are good grounds for thinking that the same system would be used as last time, which was average recent stock market prices. In which case, steel shares (at or near their low points and offering incomes of 8 per cent.) can hardly be called politically vulnerable.

Road haulage and insurance are perhaps less likely to be nationalised, especially if Labour returns with a small majority. But again it could well be that the terms would be current stock market prices—and here again share prices have already fallen considerably in anticipation of the election. As there is less to go for in the event of a Conservative victory, perhaps these categories of shares should be left out of an election portfolio.

The next problem is what to do about low-yielding shares, for a Labour Government could well impose dividend limitation for part of its time in office. Even though a good company with growing earnings will continue to build up reserves during a period of dividend limitation and be in a handsome position to pay out when restrictions are removed, prices of low-yielding shares could well fall at first.

By the same token, high-yielders can be included. They will be less affected by dividend limitation and prices might rise as investors switch into them to improve income. The same cannot be said for British shares with a large European or American following. Foreign investors are likely to take a more exaggerated view of the impact of a Labour Government on the economy and could well start selling shares ahead of an election.

Taking Precautions

However, the two classic rules for hedging against the election are to increase the proportion of fixed interest investments and to spread one's investments either overseas or in companies that have substantial overseas operations. For fixed interest securities, holdings in building society shares and trustee savings banks deposits offer good yields and are easily withdrawable should the political and investment climate change.

For overseas investment, one obvious solution is to buy shares in investment trusts with a large portfolio of foreign companies, such as Foreign and Colonial Investment Trust or British Investment Trust. Although yield in both cases is low, both are standing below their break-up value. Again one can switch out of industrial companies predominantly operating in the U.K. to those with an international spread. The oil groups are obvious examples, especially Shell Transport and Trading offering a high yield and prospects of a further rise in profits and possibly dividend in the current year. Hudson's Bay is a British-registered share with almost all its assets in Canada, where the economic recovery continues, albeit slowly.

Direct holdings in American companies have the disadvantage for British investors of the high dollar premium, but Bank of America or the utilities give reasonable prospects. Nearer home, and often forgotten as a hedge against British fluctuations, is the Irish stock market which has outstripped the London market over the past three years. There is a reasonably wide choice from the banks such as the Munster and Leinster to the industrials such as Cement or Irish Dunlop.

Nevertheless, most investors like to keep a fair holding in London where they are familiar with the companies and the stock market. One classic way of hedging against fluctuations in the price of domestic ordinary shares is to buy convertible debenture loans. They have the advantage of a resistance level at about the current yield on gilt-edged and the chance of appreciation in line with ordinary shares. A number are available at present, including Imperial Chemical Industries, Rank Organisation and Purnell. Among straightforward industrials, it is the high-yielders that are safest for hedging against the election: Hawker Siddeley, Bristol Aeroplane, Cammell Laird, for instance, all in unfashionable industries, but with fair prospects. These then are some suggestions for the man who wants to take sensible investment precautions against the outcome of the Election.

MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

With the Cadbury tradition of well over 80 years of service to industrial education and welfare behind him, Mr. Paul Cadbury spoke with undeniable authority at the recent golden jubilee of the Bournville Day Continuation College. Educational equality of opportunity for all workers tends to be taken for granted these days, so that it may have been salutary for some to be reminded that only 7·6 per cent. of girls and 30 per cent. of boys in industry are receiving day release education. Of that 30 per cent. many are taking technical courses; the Cadbury experience, borne out by other enlightened Midlands managements, is that the wider and broader an employee's general education, whatever his position in the company, the better he is as both citizen and worker.

Mr. Cadbury is a man who never seeks the limelight for himself, though chairman of a company whose products are extensively advertised throughout the world. He has been a director of the family business since 1919, but family tradition and his personal inclinations have led to distinguished service in many other fields. His active work with the Bournville Village Trust, for example, led eventually to membership of the Royal Commission on Local Government in Greater London.

This breadth of approach runs through the Cadbury story. The company made it a condition of employment as long ago as the beginning of the century for all their young workers to attend evening classes; when the Bournville College was established in 1913 they were one of two firms which made attendance half a day a week compulsory for all employees between 14 and 16 (soon the upper age limit was raised to 18). They were pioneers then; now there is an increasing realisation in industry that day release "makes good citizens of ordinary run-of-the-mill people of all types employed in industry" (Mr. Cadbury again), but unfortunately there is still a long way to go.

Lady Albemarle remarked, on the same occasion, that "the chances of a young worker getting release depend upon the industry he enters and the part of the country he lives in." The percentage of under 19-year-olds getting release varies from ·7 to 73 between different industries. But she continued to ask: "Is it really reasonable to look to industry alone to underwrite what should be a community responsibility? It is time, surely, to set a date for the implementation of the part-time education of all young people up to the age of 18 which was promised so long ago by the 1944 Act.

"This would leave industry with the great responsibility of revising, adapting and increasing the industrial training of this country in the light of the recent White Paper. Much of this training would take its place within the wider structure of further education, but the different responsibilities would be where they rightly should be."

The weather and carpets

Reliable long-range weather forecasting would be a boon to the consumer goods industries by helping them to avoid piling up unwieldy stocks. Only in the past week or two have carpet sales for many weavers in the Kidderminster centre of the industry begun to recover from the effects of the Big Freeze. Besides keeping people out of the shops, it suspended building for several weeks, so that carpets made for January-March sales to houses, hotels, offices and other buildings never left the warehouse, while retail stocks became heavy.

A few weavers have been able to keep their looms well employed, but some short-time has had to be introduced. Around 150 to 200 of the 10,000 labour force—not always the same workers—are losing a shift or more a week, and half a dozen firms have had to lay workers off for longer periods. The industry's output for the home market last year was 5 per cent. up on 1961, and there were hopes of being able to maintain this performance during 1963. But the bad weather has made prospects less certain, and until the construction industry begins to catch up with its arrears of work a firm assessment will be difficult. A more prolonged burst of sunshine to remind people of fraying patches on the dining-room carpet would also help to boost retail sales and to set free the cash which is now tied up in stocks.

Exports are keeping up well, and the joint ventures in co-operative selling which are now operating in most important European markets could add to the industry's notable export successes of recent years. In the last six or seven years, for example, Germany has grown from almost nothing to top the £1 million mark and to become the leading market for a number of Kidderminster weavers—larger even than the EFTA markets. The industry is increasing its share of markets from Sweden to Italy, and is strongly challenging the Belgian dominance in several.

New type of reamer

Critics of British industry's willingness to accept new ideas might well take a look at the response given to the latest advance in production technique developed at the Melton Mowbray laboratories of the Production Engineering Research Association. For a century or more there had been little or no change in the design of one of the most widely used tools in industry, the reamer, used for finishing holes drilled in metal. PERA began by trying to improve the standard reamer 18 months ago. Soon it was apparent that only marginal improvements could be made, and the research team went back to first principles to design the PERA reamer, already being offered by 16 tool firms, mainly in the Midlands and Sheffield.

It offers outstanding improvements in the quality of reamed holes, greatly increased production rates, and much longer reamer life, advantages which will offset a higher cost—possibly 50 per cent. more than the standard reamer. Figures estimated on the basis of a case-study during development suggest that for a medium-sized firm employing about 500 workers the saving of using the PERA reamer could be over £2,000 a year.

The result is that PERA has been astounded by the degree of interest shown by its 900 members in this country and abroad. Mr. R. Tilsley, research manager at Melton Mowbray, said that almost within days of the research report on the PERA reamer going out to members they had been asked for another 800 copies of it.

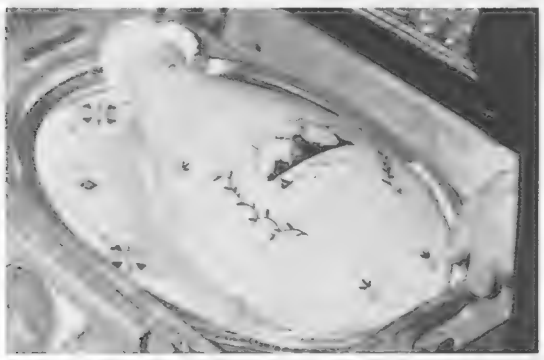
Tea for shoppers in the open or the circular restaurant of Coventry's Shopping Precinct

The framework goes up for Coventry's 700-ft.-long flyover

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

318 I have been grumbling for years about the prevailing ideas in Britain on the presentation of food, especially cold dishes, cakes and other sweetmeats. At most culinary exhibitions and competitions the leading craftsmen's effort seems to be concentrated on very clever, but to my mind futile, decoration, which tends to disguise rather than show to advantage the actual edible parts of the exhibits. I cannot help thinking that this perhaps is the fault of those very senior chefs who set the competitions and act as judges.

Their Continental colleagues, in comparison, seem to have purged their style of the Victorian clutter in decoration, and go in for a pleasing, functional simplicity. It is obvious that an increased flow of idea-exchange is desirable, and that is why I think that the biennial International Gastronomic Festival, which has



A decorated ham at Torquay

just taken place at Torquay, is doing such a desirable and useful job. Once more this show has attracted entries from several European countries, including Switzerland, Germany and Austria, and for the first time this year also from Sweden and Hungary.

It was still possible to discover among the entries such horrors as a replica—as faithful as the medium will allow—of the Laughing Cavalier in its full glory of coloured royal icing with a gilt frame made beautifully in pastillage. There were still several examples in the "Decorated Ham" class of the ham being completely covered in white sauce adorned with a landscape inspired by Constable.

This situation is all very well. The rules say that only edible ingredients must be used, so one assumes that eating the landscape would not harm anyone, but do we really want to eat landscapes? I would much rather be shown how good and appetising the ham is. Surprisingly—and this gives hope for better things to come—the gold medal in this class was given to a very plain, but tasteful arrangement by a Hungarian visitor, in which every slice of the ham could be clearly seen. This chef's aim was obviously to draw attention to the excellence of the food itself, and nothing else.

There were other encouraging signs, too. Five of the possible 20-odd gold medals went to the work of the younger members of the staff in the kitchens of the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, showing the progressive influence of their chief, Mr. William True. All this shows that we are moving in the right direction, and there is hope that more of our chefs will realise what it is all about, as inevitably more and more pennies will drop.

The cold table and sweetmeats are only a part of gastronomy, and the great limitation of this show still is the fact that there is no chance for the competing chefs to show their skill in cooking real, edible, hot dishes. I realise that the excellent venue of the Town Hall is fully extended to accommodate the present exhibits, but perhaps in future years, with the co-operation of the very go-ahead hoteliers of the resort, some way can be found for the cooking of complete meals for a number of guests (who would be willing to pay, no doubt). Only then will this Festival provide a comprehensive test for the skill of the artists in the kitchen.

Niersteiner Fruitiness

Nierstein is one of the best known wine growing villages of Rheinhessen, and this is where the firm of Weingut Louis Guntrum has its headquarters. I recently visited the cellars and some of the vineyards of this house on the occasion of the annual Tasting given in May every year for all the firm's customers. Ninety Hocks were presented in the Tasting, which goes on for a whole week, so it is possible to get a sensible idea of all the wines shown. Among the examples bottled on the Guntrum estate of the last vintage I looked at a small cross-section. Niersteiner Heiligenbaum Spaetlese, the first one I tasted, was an honest, good wine, typical of the best average Nierstein can grow. The Niersteiner Rehbach Riesling Spaetlese which was my next example, was finer still, with much fruit and flower, yet refreshingly dry. The Oppenheimer Sacktraeger Spaetlese was the most delicious of this group, richly redolent of fruit. Coming from the other end of the province, in another group, the Binger Rosengarten Spaetlese was very good among the simpler, cheaper wines, and I liked the sweeter, fruity Niersteiner Gutes Domthal Spaetlese, too. Of the older vintages I found the 1959 Oppenheimer Reisekahr Spaetlese Cabinet outstanding, from its enchanting nose to its faultless after-taste.

The wine cellars and vineyards of the firm of Louis Guntrum at Nierstein

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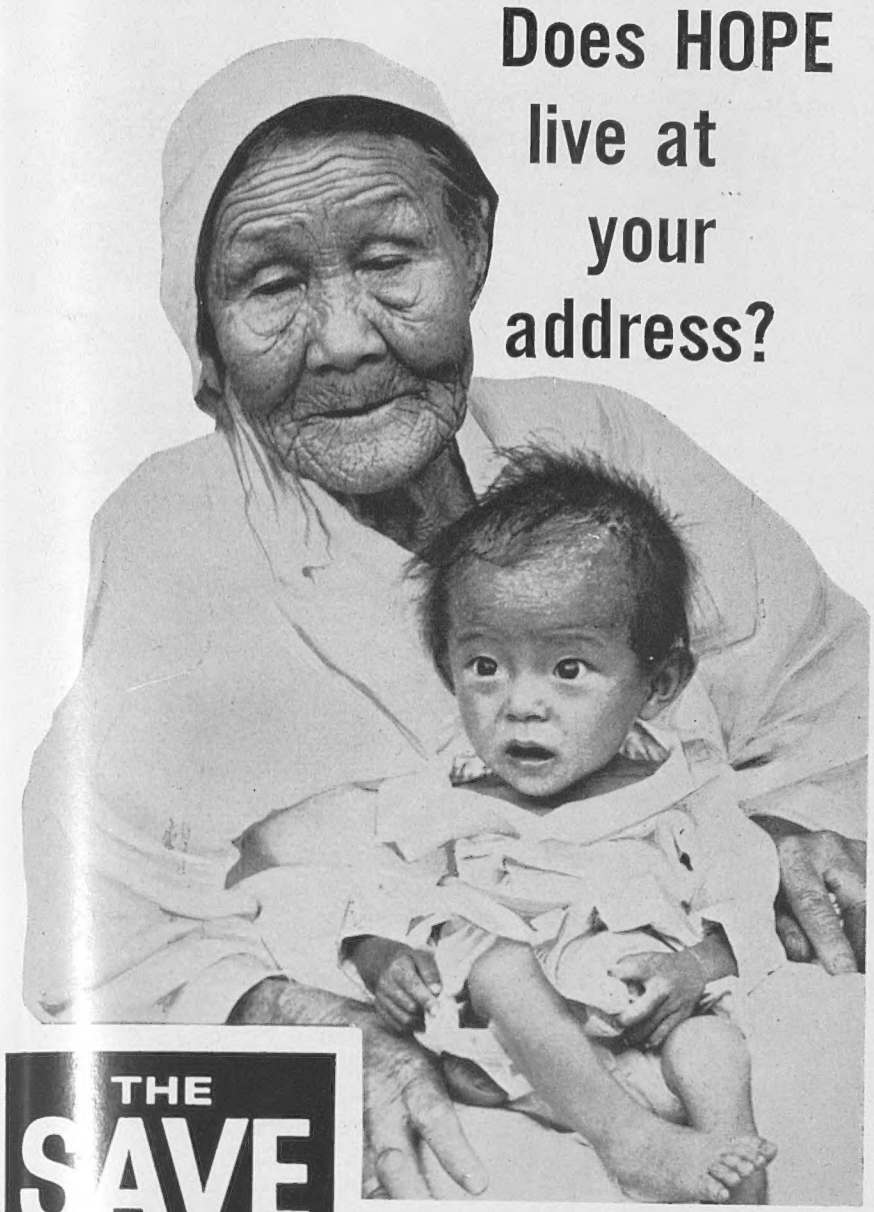

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FROM DOGCART TO IMP

320 Delving into the history of car production in Scotland, which is being revived in a big way by the Rootes Group with their admirable new rear-engined Hillman Imp, I was surprised to learn from experts that more than 50 different types of cars and commercial vehicles were built north of the Tweed up to the First World War. Regrettably, however, Scotland had not been building production cars for 30 years before the welcome appearance of the Imp, though the motor industry has continued to be represented in that country by Albion Motors of Scotstoun, which is now part of the Leyland Corporation.

The first truly Scots car was the Arrol-Johnston dogcart, built in Glasgow by the Mo-Car Syndicate, formed by Sir William Arrol, George Johnston and others. Production really got going just before the turn of the century; and this famous name did not disappear from the car catalogues until the early 1930s. Perhaps the best known Scots car was the Argyll, whose makers claimed to be the first motor firm in Europe to exceed a production rate of 500 chassis in a single year—1903.

in its latest form the Austin A40 is powered by a 1,098 c.c. engine which develops 48 b.h.p.

According to one authority the first motor vehicle ever built in Scotland was the Maldevic, promoted by William Peck at the time the Arrol-Johnston syndicate was getting under way. Other Scots car names I came across in my researches included Rob Roy, Galloway, Caledonia, Ailsa and Gilchrist. Among the commercials was the Beardmore, the name of which is perpetuated in London's taxi services.

Now that the British Motor Corporation (who have opened a big truck plant at Bathgate, near Glasgow) are building bicycles, it is not inappropriate to mention that Scotland claims to have built the world's first bicycle at Courthill in Dumfriesshire in about 1839 when Kirkpatrick Macmillan attached pedals to a dandy-horse.

Dress Rehearsal for Monaco

Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon were among 100,000 spectators who at Silverstone saw Jim Clark, a Scots farmer, win the International Trophy race in a Climax-engined works Lotus at an average speed of 108.12 m.p.h. after being dogged by various troubles during the practice sessions. This Silverstone meeting, organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club and sponsored by the *Daily Express*, was more than ever this year regarded as a dress rehearsal for the opening race of the world championship programme at Monaco this weekend.

That is why the performance of the 1963 Ferraris was watched with such interest, for British cars have dominated Grand Prix racing for some time. Neither of the two Ferraris finished. John Surtees retired with lack of oil pressure after lying second to Clark for nearly half the race and inadvertently laying a smoke screen—the result of an oil leak—which was a source of some embarrassment to some of the other drivers.

Surtees' team-mate, Willy Mairesse of Belgium, who was never in the running, spun into a ditch and out of the race. It was a discouraging beginning for the new V-6 Ferraris, but they must not be underrated on that account. Innes Ireland, who finished fourth in a BRM-engined Lotus entered by Mr. Alfred Moss's British Racing Partnership, told me after the race that he was impressed by the improved steadiness of the new Italian cars, which are lower, smaller and lighter and may be fitted with a V-8 or V-12 engine later on. Bruce McLaren, the modest young New Zealander, finished second in a works Cooper (also with a Coventry-Climax engine).

Turbocar user research

The entry in next month's 24-hours race at Le Mans of a BRM powered by a Rover gas turbine engine lends special interest to the announcement by Chrysler International of an unprecedented essay in market research. They are planning to lend 50 turbocars for periods of three months to ordinary motorists in different parts of the U.S. In this way they hope to get—over a period of 12 months—the reactions to turbocar motoring from 200 separate and widely varying motoring families. "Chrysler will retain ownership of the cars," I was told, "but the motorists selected will have the use of them free of charge in return for information for the Chrysler consumer evaluation programme."

The drivers taking part in the programme will be asked to submit the turbocars to normal everyday use. They will not be allowed to race them or load them in an abnormal way. "We are offering the use of these cars free of charge," said the Chrysler spokesman, "because we do not want the motorists who try them out to be inhibited or influenced by considerations of cost. There will be personal interviews with the users of these cars to get their opinions at first hand."

Delivery of the 50 "guinea-pig" turbocars is scheduled to begin in the autumn at the rate of one a week. Their design is based on that of the corporation's Turbo Dart demonstrated at Silverstone last October and for which a top speed of 115 m.p.h. is claimed. Chrysler engineers said the car fuel consumption at a steady 52 m.p.h. was 21 miles to the gallon. They prophesied that when in comparable production with piston-engined cars the cost of building and running turbocars would also be comparable.

A40 with 1,098 c.c. engine

It is difficult to realise the Austin A40 was first announced as long as 4½ years ago: in September, 1958. It still looks modernly smart and this, of course, is due to the fact that it was styled by Pininfarina. It was, in fact, the first of BMC's Pininfarina designs. I recently renewed acquaintance with this neat, self-effacing little car, and I found to my surprise that it was the first time I had driven the latest A40 with the 1,098 c.c. engine. I was immediately struck by its greater smoothness, which also suggested a greater liveliness, though my stop-watch figures showed that this was mostly illusory. The reason is this: although the bigger engine—basically the old 948 c.c. unit with bigger bore and stroke—produces 11 more brake horse-power and revs. more freely, the axle ratio has been raised and the extra power is more or less cancelled out by the need to pull a higher top gear.

Yet the greater smoothness of the engine and the improved fuel economy make the change well worth while. Top speed, at about 77 m.p.h., is only marginally higher than that of the old A40, but my overall fuel consumption appeared to show an improvement of from 35 to 37 miles to the gallon.

The four-seater A40 has only two doors, but they are wide ones. The standard model costs £556, tax included, the de luxe model £599 and the de luxe Countryman estate car (with fully opening tailgate) £617. I enjoyed driving the latest version and can see why it is so popular, especially among women drivers, even though the steering is a bit heavy.

Motoring notes

Latest success of the BMC Minis: Award by the Worshipful Company of Carmen, one of the City of London's ancient Guilds, of its Viva Shield for "transport improvement." With the shield goes a gold medal and citation in which the British Motor Corporation is coupled with the name of Mr. Alec Issigonis. A Webasto folding sunroof is now available on Bond Minicar three-wheeler for £17. . . . Two new motorcycles have just been announced: a 198 c.c., 70 m.p.h. *gran turismo* version of the Lambretta (£200) and the Raleigh Runabout (£46 10s. 6d.), a 50 c.c., single-speed moped with automatic clutch and a claimed fuel economy of 175 miles to the gallon.

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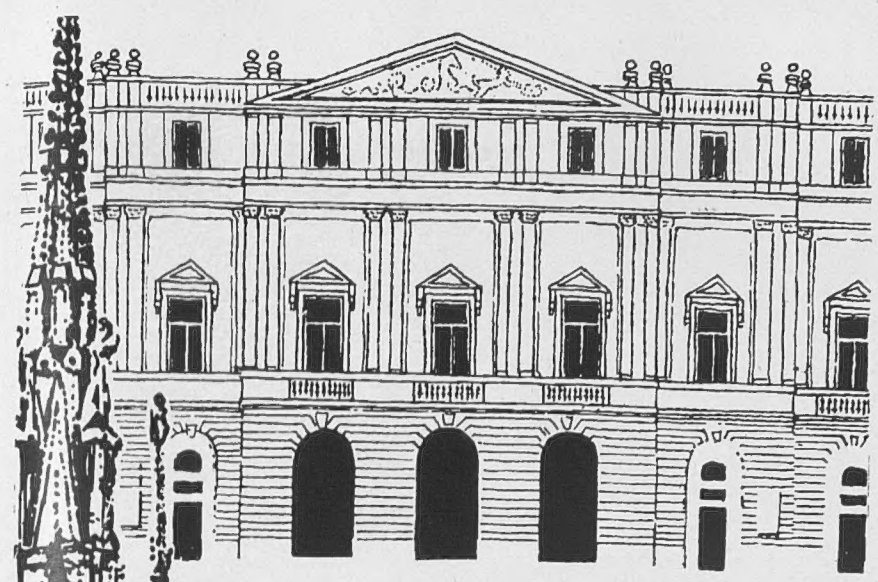

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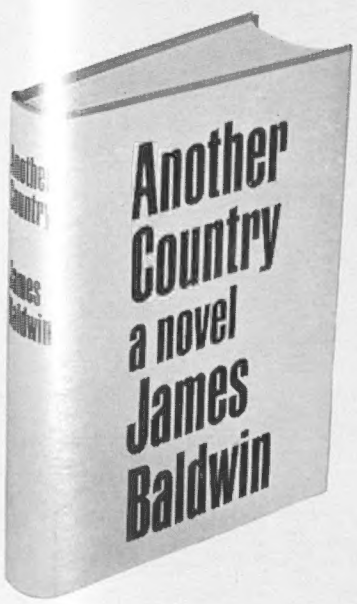

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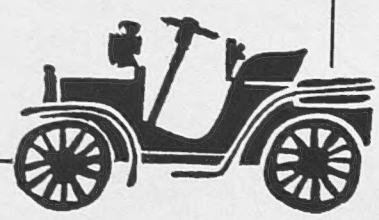

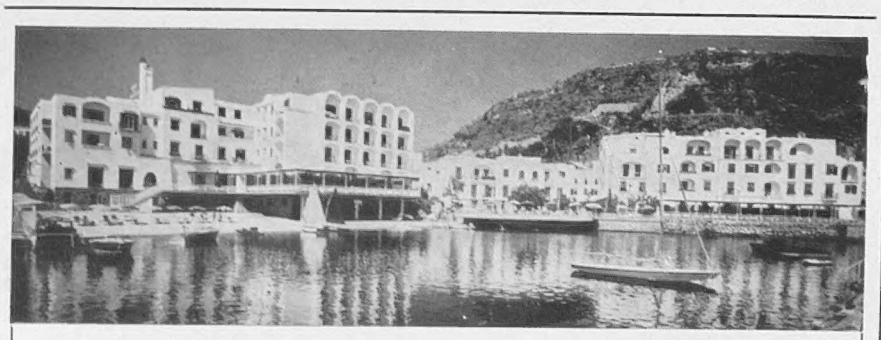

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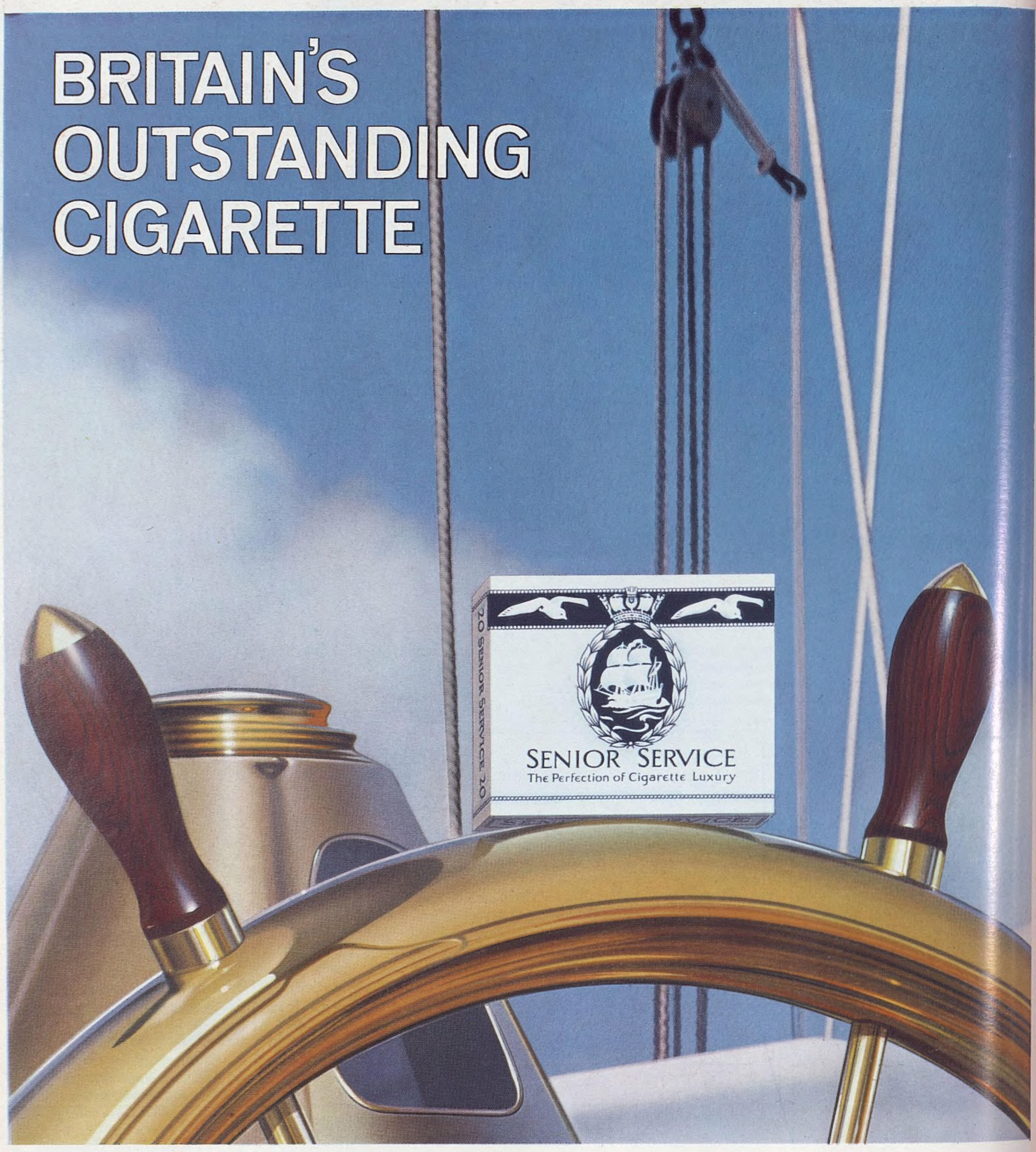

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